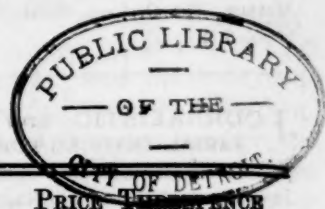


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Notes of the Week

THE judgment of the Wreck Commission, presided over by Lord Mersey, which has been inquiring into the loss of the *Titanic* on April 15 last, confirms the opinion which many people will already have formed. The principal finding of the court was that the craze for speed is at the root of the mischief. The blame, as we understand it, does not rest wholly on the company, but to a considerable extent upon the travelling public—especially the American portion of it—who demand speed at all costs. Had the *Titanic* slackened down or altered her course, having been advised of the ice ahead, the disaster would not have happened. If one steamship company would refuse to guarantee that its boats shall keep time like an express train, and would reserve discretion to alter routes when deemed advisable, others would soon follow, and people would travel by the line which promised safety rather than speed. Upon the other findings of the inquiry we need not comment; the above is the most important, and we trust that the lesson to be drawn from it will not be lost.

"We told you so" is not the most admired method of converse. We have taken occasion, however, both in articles in this journal and on the platform, to warn the dupes of the agitators that the strike—after the fiasco

in the coal trade—was an obsolete weapon, so far as any advantage for themselves could be derived therefrom. The end of the dock strike is a ludicrous confirmation of the opinion we expressed. "We have been sold!" exclaim the men, who are ordered back to their work without any advantage gained, after weeks of strife and often destitution. They will always be sold, until they cease to listen to self-interested demagogues, whether in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or on Tower Hill. It is almost a truism, but it seems that it must be frequently repeated, that these people are playing entirely for their own hands, and merely use what they believe is the ignorance and credulity of the masses to gain their own ends. Labour disputes must be dealt with on other and scientific lines, which will ensure general advantage and needs being carefully sifted, and right will then be done according to the actual position and prospects of trades and industries, which alike need the capitalist and provide sustenance for the employed.

According to news received to-day, rioting at the docks has resulted in the death of one man and injury of serious description to many others. Between forty and fifty revolver shots are said to have been fired. In the old days of Panama, before the United States established law and order, these pastimes were habitually indulged in, but now they are unknown. There is not, so far as we know, any South American Republic which would welcome Mr. McKenna as a Minister. In May last we wrote, "Why not shoot?" The question was not intended to be a direction to the ruffians who are Mr. Tillett's intimates, but to soldiers whose duty it is to shoot such scum. We applaud the action of free labourers in defending themselves in every manner which is open to them, since they live in a country without a Government. It is true, of course, that in loyal Ulster the Government are employing troops to quell disorder, but it is apparently hopeless to expect them to take similar measures against the revolutionary blackguards who meet on Tower Hill and at the docks.

It has been said that the seasons are gradually changing, and perhaps the silly season is changing in sympathy. Before July was ended, somebody saw one of the sea-serpents that are such familiar objects on the English coast towards the middle of August, and already someone else has written to the Press rebuking the scoffers—"only frivolous people," says this correspondent, "make fun of the sea-serpent theory." And then he spoils his own admirable solemnity by suggesting that this particular ophidian might have been "a harmless submarine scouting on the surface before diving for its prey!" We await now the story of the gooseberry twelve inches in circumference, the correspondence on "Are Good Manners Vanishing," and the other well-known signs that the London Season is over. Without these annual commentators what would the papers do?

St. Gabriel

YET once again the messenger of morning
Wakes the imprisoned wonders of the clay,
And the cold Earth, Spring's altar-shrine adorning,
Lifts up her lilies to the day.

And if no more among their stars descending
The Angel of the Strength of God is seen,
Perchance his feet in darkness touched them, lending
Light to their living green.

Before the swirl of unborn suns was limned
First on the sunless purple of the sky,
The promise by angelic throngs was hymned
Of Gabriel's embassy.

Though now his song of hope cleaves not asunder
The aimless tumult surging everywhere,
The lilies of the garden hear, and wonder,
And lift their hands in prayer.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

The Lost Sir Massingham

MR. MASSINGHAM is the Garvin of the Radical Rump. Without him, Progressive Radicalism, which may be interpreted to mean larceny, would be in a parlous extremity. As Mr. Garvin is the self-appointed guardian of the Empire—and on many occasions an extremely able and eminently sane guardian—so Mr. Massingham is the mentor—and very often the very foolish mentor—of the Radical group, who strut about leaving cards on which is the National Liberal Club as the address of their choice. This unconsciously comic person has lately written:—

Yet there comes a time when, if statesmen are to be saved from themselves, the critic must speak.

No doubt, when a crisis such as this is reached, an uncomfortable time has arrived for those who must perforce listen or read. An irate critic is apt to miss the essentials of criticism. Such a critic not infrequently strays from his appointed path, and, losing his way, is swallowed up in

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Cassius old,
Where armies whole have sunk.

He emerges no longer a critic, but an oracle. So Mr. Massingham. Like other oracles, however, he speaks with more than one voice.

On July 15 Mr. Massingham's momentous message in connection with the modest naval proposals of the Government was:—

Sooner or later he [the Prime Minister] will lose his Chancellor; and nine-tenths of the thinkers and fighters of Liberalism will follow the banner of the only executive statesman in Europe to whom the mass of the people look up as their champion and friend.

The picture is an awful one, but, having regard to recent bye-elections, we think the "thinkers and fighters" will manage to survive with tolerable serenity.

On July 29 the oracle had a further message, which suggests a suspicion that it has been discovered that Mr. Lloyd George is not the little-Navy man Mr. Massingham believes him to be. Mr. Lloyd George is therefore dethroned by the literary King-Maker, and—*solventur risu tabulae*—Mr. Ponsonby reigns in his stead.

Now Mr. Ponsonby is quite an interesting man. He is a descendant of Earl Grey, the Prime Minister; he was educated at Eton and Balliol; he has been in the diplomatic service; and he was responsible as private secretary for some of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's performances as Prime Minister; he is a member of the National Liberal Club, and, so far as we can gather from "Who's Who," of no other club as a set-off; lastly, we suspect he is honoured with the friendship and certainly the confidence of Mr. Massingham.

No man who can lay claim to or who has achieved thus much can be expected to set bounds to his ambition.

Perhaps it is unjust to suggest that Mr. Ponsonby is ambitious as Cæsar was. As the author of the "Camel and the Needle's Eye," he may conceive that the greatness which his friend would thrust upon him is a little difficult of realisation. What exactly is the ambition of Mr. Massingham for the man of his choice?—

Let him raise the banner of revolt. Thousands will gather round it. And, above all, let this party vote against the estimates.

Well, thousands will gather round any banner, whether it be the symbol of revolution, criminality, or mere foolishness. Therefore we do not deny that, if Mr. Massingham takes Mr. Ponsonby on his knee, the wire-pulled automaton will be sure of an audience. The show is to represent "an independent Radical party." In itself a monstrous parturition, owing its being, we think—in our charity—to "much muddled thinking and talking in our present-day politics and journalism." Mr. Massingham will approve the passage, because it is culled from his own literary gems, amongst which may also be noted the pretty simile anent statesmen who are like horses, and are therefore liable to madness at times.

It is a little disquieting to have the editor of the *Nation's* admission that he has been honoured with the acquaintance of some of these Ministers of unstable mind, because in a work just published, entitled "The First Signs of Insanity," there is a passage . . . but we do not pursue the line of argument.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Ponsonby's trifling task is to keep Ministers "well bitted and firmly driven along the path in which they ought to go."

Au revoir! Mr. Massingham. We hope to enjoy very much more of your delightful tiltings at the party which you honour with your patronage, and deluge with your advice.

CECIL COWPER

The Thrill of a Tarpon

By F. G. AFLALO.

THE low and steaming shores of the Gulf of Mexico on a perfect morning "im wunderschönen Monat Mai," with the sun beating down out of the brazen heavens on the dancing blue waters of the Pass. Out at sea a thunderstorm is circling, an inky blot in an otherwise cloudless sky. Inland, the fish-houses shimmer in the haze like museum models of Swiss lake-dwellings of the Stone Age. Heavy pelicans and vulturine turkey buzzards strut uncouthly over the shell-strewn beaches of the keys in search of such food as may please their easy palates. Quantity, not quality, is the delight of these scavenging fowl, and the turkey buzzards in particular will gobble anything that once had life, no matter how long it has been dead. The line of the long, low beach is broken only by a little white lighthouse that marks the narrow inlet from the Gulf, and the lonely lighthouse-keeper suddenly appears on the look-out platform. He sweeps the Pass with his glasses, and this is what he sees.

Midway between the low shores, eight fragile skiffs are moving slowly against and across the tide. Each little craft has two occupants—one at the oars, the other holding a short fishing-rod at an angle of sixty degrees over the stern. They are fishing for tarpon, one of the most coveted prizes of those who, in the past few years, have carried the precepts of Izaak Walton from drowsy backwaters of the Lea to the threshold of every ocean.

Of a sudden one of the fishermen throws himself backwards, almost into the arms of his guide; there is a commotion a hundred yards from his boat, and a curved something, gleaming molten silver in the sunshine, flings itself in the air, throwing off the coruscations of spray and falling back on the surface of the sea with a booming splash that distinctly reaches the keeper of the light. Forthwith the skiff detaches itself from the rest of the flotilla, amid shouts from the others, and heads slowly for the beach. The man at the oars is not, however, to have matters all his own way. Again and yet again that shining bar of silver shoots up in the air, and now the skiff is being towed back towards the fleet. Now it turns completely round, the result of the oarsman's efforts to keep the angler face to face with his redoubtable foe; and, with a fresh somersault every whit as high as those that have gone before, the great herring heads inexorably for the open Gulf. Then follows some manoeuvring which for the moment puzzles the solitary watcher overhead. The boat is a mile away from him by now, and, unable to follow the struggle to his own satisfaction, he goes inside. The men in the skiff, however, have just seen the sinister black fins of a great shark gliding tandem over the oily surface in the wake of the plunging tarpon.

The first impulse of a fisherman unaccustomed to the conditions of the three-cornered duel thus inaugurated would be to reel in with might and main, so as, if possible, to haul the precious tarpon out of his enemy's reach. By so doing, he would court defeat of his dearest object, since he would fail to make due allowance for an instinct of opposition common to tarpon and those who fish for them. In short, the tarpon, feeling the coercion in front, would forget all about the danger behind, and, resisting the fisherman, would fall straightway into the jaws of the shark.

Fortunately, on this occasion, the man behind the rod is no stranger to such complications. Instead, therefore, of further handicapping the tarpon by dividing its attention, he actually pulls line slowly off the reel, relying on the hook having taken firm hold in that adamant mouth, so that the fish, its movements unhampered by the rod, may give all its speed and strategy to evading the terrible apparition looming in its track. These tactics answer admirably, and the tarpon, forgetting for the moment that it is still anchored to the boat, actually swims towards it. Instead of the fisherman reeling in line, as he would do under happier circumstances, the guide, who knows every move in the game, pulls slowly and unobtrusively for the beach, and to such good purpose that in a few minutes the skiff, tarpon, and shark are all in shallow water. Suddenly realising the fact, the shark, an arrant coward like all its tribe, half relinquishes the pursuit, and contents itself with cruising threateningly to and fro, its sinuous movements betrayed by the tell-tale triangular fins that cut the water. A quarter of an hour's twisting and turning to avoid the sudden rushes of its natural enemy has not, however, been without effect on the tarpon's strength, and even as the guide jumps, gaff in hand, out of the skiff and pulls it up the gently sloping beach, the fish allows the angler to reel it to within twenty feet of him and rolls wearily on its side. Yet the fight, which has already lasted over half an hour, is not quite won and lost, for the sight of the white sand, which spells defeat, makes the tarpon forget that other peril lying out in the deeper water. It makes a gallant rally, and even throws itself once more clear of the water, shaking its blood-red gills in a last desperate effort to rid itself of the hook. Then the end comes. Quickly it is reeled back to the shallows, and, after two or three failures to gaff its slippery body, the guide hauls it ashore, six feet and some inches of burnished, quivering silver, and the great tail beats a despairing tattoo on the hard sand.

It is not without a dash of sadness in his cup of joy that the fisherman, gladly laying down his rod and relaxing his tired muscles, looks down on the fallen foe, beautiful in the iridescence of death, and realises, like Wellington at Waterloo, that there is bitterness in victory as well as in defeat. He could wish that the gallant fish, which taxed his skill and strength in a way to win any sportsman's heart, might have been spared to live and fight another day, and he hopes that more merciful counsels may yet prevail, so that every tarpon,

so beautiful in life, so useless after death, may be released after owning honourable defeat. On such an understanding, the cruel gaff might be dispensed with and each fish reeled close to the boat. Were it played absolutely to a finish (as all fish must need be if the angler has neither gaff nor net), it should even be possible to appraise its weight with sufficient accuracy to check the angling imagination, since it has been found that the length in feet cubed and divided by two gives the weight in pounds. Not every fish in the ocean could be treated by so simple a formula for evolving weights from measures, but the tarpon in normal condition is so symmetrical that the result is correct to a pound or two, a sufficient approximation in the case of individuals that may exceed a hundredweight.

All this the lighthouse-keeper might have seen had he waited for the end, but the spectacle, of daily recurrence throughout May, was too familiar to keep him standing in the sun. What he could not have seen was the wondrous thrill of a first tarpon, the exhilaration, momentarily numbing like a galvanic shock, that goes tingling up the right arm and puts the man on his mettle against the fiercest fish he ever fought with rod and line. After a few tarpon have been landed, familiarity breeds, if not perhaps contempt, at any rate a calmer bearing and more confident response; but the rush of the first tarpon is an unforgettable sensation. It seems incredible that the faint nibble, no more than that of a pond roach mouthing a morsel of paste, should be followed by such tremendous work on the reel, such frenzied vaulting in the air, such lightning speed through the water. The newcomer is all unprepared, whatever he may have read on the subject, for a fish that one moment goes careering away through the underworld like a torpedo, and the next behaves like a rocket. He has to concentrate all his mind and body on fighting the giant, and, as he is so engrossed, an enormous whiplash, tormented by sucking-fish, may hurl itself into the air close to his boat, falling back on the water with thunderous crash, or a loggerhead turtle may suddenly thrust its snakelike head above the surface. The Pass is full of such surprises.

Taken all round, tarpon fishing is the most perplexing, challenging, inspiring business in all the angler's experience of river, lake, or sea. A trout on gossamer gut may tax his finesse. A salmon on a Castleconnell rod may outmanoeuvre him in heavy water. Here, however, is a fish that makes less of tackle that should hold a runaway horse than trout or salmon of the gear we catch them on. The effect is nothing short of staggering. Here is sport for men indeed—no kid-glove dallying with feeble creatures to excite the pity of gentle hearts, but a fight with a very worthy foe, the better, it may be, of the man by both pounds and inches. The one blemish on the sport is the killing of a creature that does no harm and that cannot be eaten. "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." No one would wish his bitterest enemy to eat a tarpon. But the argument in favour of sparing the tarpon's life is simply unanswerable.

REVIEWS

Churton Collins

The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins. Edited by L. C. COLLINS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s. net.)

THOSE who have any knowledge of the mass of material that Churton Collins left behind him will not need to be told that some such book as this was necessary. Primarily he was, of course, a lecturer; and the printed word can no more carry the spoken than the spoken can carry the balanced deliberation of the written. It is true that these lectures were not given from notes, extempore, but were written down in their completion; to a man accustomed to the demands of lecturing, however, that is a side issue. He devises his form of sentences for delivery; and consequently their construction is looser and their matter more tentative. That this is so no one who has done any lecturing will need to be told; but on reading through these various "essays" it is surprising to see how the fact is exemplified in them. They are not essays; they are lectures. They are a rearrangement of those lectures that Churton Collins delivered on his famous University Extension courses, and that were not re-cast by him during his lifetime for literary form.

This does not diminish their value: it only has reference to the form in which they appear. Their value is a matter of very much deeper concern. The literary remains of a man who read so widely and who enjoyed such a vogue in his day, in themselves command attention; and it is not merely a filial duty that Mr. L. C. Collins has served in seeking to find a more final form for some of the heavy mass of matter that his father left in exercise-book on exercise-book. Yet in the choice of his material Mr. Collins has not been as wise as he might have been. In the first place, it would have been common wisdom to have recognised Churton Collins' natural limitations; and to have avoided those lectures in which these limitations made themselves most pronounced. To that we shall return. At the moment we have more in mind those lectures that are manifestly out of date—if ever they were in date. The worst of these is the very one that Mr. Collins has selected to open this book. Many wrong things have been said from time to time, and many very wrong attitudes taken, with regard to the "Shakespearean Theatres"; but in the present essay nearly all the faults and all the errors seem to have combined together to make a picture that is not only erroneous, but even ridiculously erroneous. Some of the pages contain more mistakes than we could have thought conveniently packed together in the space. For example, it is true that at one time it was held that the balcony in the Elizabethan manner of playhouse contained all inset scenes, such as the play within a play in "Hamlet"; but this idea has long since been discountenanced. The whole conception of the inner stage, which may be taken as the pivot on which Elizabethan stagecraft was swung, is entirely neglected.

This is perhaps only a question of the post-dating of old ideas, although a careful examination of the sources, such as Churton Collins was well fitted to give, would have revealed the true position of affairs; but when he goes on positively to state that "it was for the audiences of the private theatres of the Black Friars that Shakespeare wrote," one can but wonder what he had in mind. We know that in the closing years of Shakespeare's life there was a revival of Shakespeare's plays at the Blackfriars, but that they were written for the Globe, and first acted at the Globe, is not only a simple historical fact, but is even obvious by some of the implications in the text. Such things may be forgiven, however (although their revival in book form at this time of day is not to be so easily forgiven); but when we are taken in a fanciful trip to the Globe, and the scene during one of the plays is described to us, one is inclined to be a little indignant. It is not a question of scholarship; it is a simple matter of common sense: is it conceivable that the terrific sequence of Shakespeare's tragedies could have been written for, or appreciated by, an audience such as Churton Collins describes? It is pure burlesque. One has only to hear the giggling, trivial audience that nowadays attends drama that intends nobly, to appreciate the true stature of an Elizabethan audience, to realise how far from the truth Churton Collins was in his essay.

It is an indication of the special quality of Churton Collins' mind when one realises that the best essays in this book are on such men as Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke. His was the scholar's outlook, with more than a little of the pedantry and blindness to live issues that one has hitherto come to associate with that type of thinker. He often wrote, as it is the function of the literary critic to write, on poetry; but it is very doubtful if he knew what poetry was. It was part of the province of literature, and that province was his field of work: that was all. There are many indications of this strewn throughout the book. In his essay on Matthew Arnold, for example, it is almost comical to read of the "essay on Shelley, in which surely justice is not done in very important respects to Shelley's genius and work." When one realises that in that particular essay on Shelley, Matthew Arnold revealed an attitude of his mind that has done more than anything else to shatter his reputation as a critic of poetry, one sees how almost humorous that sentence is. Indeed, he has done more than that. He has shown us that criticism, as such, is an impertinence in poetry. If a poet be appreciated, criticism is superfluous: and if he be not appreciated, it is even more completely superfluous. Churton Collins rightly gauged the possibilities of Matthew Arnold in saying: "Virgil he can measure and understand, but not Pindar; Sophocles, but not Æschylus; Cowper, but not Milton"; though he might have gone on to add Gray, but not Wordsworth; Byron, but certainly not Shelley. Yet in that very criticism he not inaccurately measured the quality and faculty of his own mind. In neither one nor the

other critic is there anything of the "*tendentemque manus rapae ulterioris amore*" that is the especial quality of the truest poetry, or appreciator of poetry. Indeed, while Arnold was conscious of it, and distrustful and cynical towards it, Churton Collins, in his careful, scholarly, matter-of-fact way, was blissfully unconscious of it.

This naturally mars his work in many ways. It is rather in the subsidiary patient work that one realises Churton Collins' true strength. For instance, it is possible for one to say that Wordsworth's vision cannot be seen otherwise than in Wordsworth's own poetry; that the poet sang it so because it could not otherwise be told. And it is certainly desirable that it should be recognised that no possible kind of writing on a poet can convey what he has seen, or what is to be discovered in his work. Yet if it is necessary that such writing should be done, then the essay, "Wordsworth as a Teacher," is as careful and comprehensive a piece of work as can be desired. There is more of the true Wordsworth to be discovered in it than may be found in, for example, Matthew Arnold or Walter Pater. It takes more account (or one might even say it takes account) of the mystical prophet and seer in Wordsworth, who saw the Earth flaming with being. As is the scholar's way, Churton Collins is too apt to date back the live tendencies of Wordsworth's mind to sundry Greek philosophies that probably bothered him little. This is a thing that one gets accustomed to in English thinking and writing, and makes allowance for. Men of moment may possibly be inspired by others' thinking, but they do not derive from it. Yet if one reads for "Stoicism" a certain upright integrity of mind and high heroic resolve, it is possible to think a good deal more clearly of Wordsworth as a result of the essay.

As we have said, however, the best pieces of work in the book deal with the men of lesser inspiration. The essay on "Samuel Johnson" is a very interesting and entertaining piece of work, while that on Edmund Burke is one of the best short essays on the subject we have seen. It hits off very effectively a picture of the man and the age he moved in. And if in "Emerson" the lecturer frankly professes himself puzzled in the attempt to convey an orderly account of his philosophy it will be admitted that in that he is not the only one of Emerson's readers who has faced the difficulty. "Browning and Butler" is another of those unfortunate essays that the present editor would have been better advised had he omitted. To quote from Browning and Butler in a series of parallel passages seems to us one of the most hopeless of possible proceedings. A parallel like that means nothing, of course. In fact, in none of the three essays on Browning does Churton Collins appear to advantage. Such a book as this was almost necessary; but we think Mr. Collins has been not altogether happy in his editing. Some of the essays, too, seem to have been re-cast and altered from their original form as lectures.

An Alien Muse

Défense de la Poésie Française à l'Usage des Lecteurs Anglais. By EMILE LEGOUIS. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

Du Rythme en Français. By ROBERT DE SOUZA. (H. Welter, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

Omar Kheyyâm, traduit en Vers Français d'après la Célèbre Version Anglaise de Fitzgerald. By J. H. HALLARD, M.A. (Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.)

"JE sais (trop bien, hélas!) que tout étranger, qui se mêle d'écrire des vers français, court bien des risques." So writes Mr. Hallard at the beginning of his heroic attempt. In a different spirit Landor, in one of his "Imaginary Conversations," quoted by M. Legouis, proclaims, "I would not creep into the secrets of your versification." French verse is undoubtedly a difficult subject, especially for foreigners, though we have abundant evidence, in the brochure of M. de Souza, for instance, that it does not lack its thorns and controversies for the native investigator.

M. Legouis' apology for French poetry is a most delightful piece of pleading. It presents an extraordinary combination of ability and modesty. Having disarmed criticism by the frankness and courtesy of his admissions, and by his preparedness for all the usual and many unusual objections, the author assumes the offensive with the well-tempered weapons of humour, analogy, and learning, and forces us to confess that if we still cherish a feeling that the appeal of French poetry is not as universal as that of some nations, we should at least revise the grounds on which we base that opinion. We have ourselves, not without a certain pride of authorship, ventured on the pronouncement, "We go to France for prose, to Germany for poetry"; it is with a pang of disillusionment, therefore, that we find it roasting, textually, along with other similar "chestnuts," before the fire of M. Legouis' wit.

The eminent professor of English at the Sorbonne has established a great many things. He has reminded us that English poetry owes an enormous debt to France; that "l'accident Shakespeare" and a "règlement de police" were the deciding causes in the bifurcation of the two schools in the sixteenth century; that, at the very least, "there is a great deal to be said" for the French conception of tragedy in the seventeenth century; and that France has or has had during the present generation poets who can be read by men of any speech, poets such as Auguste Angellier, who is practically the only modern witness called, and by his amazing versatility and power gives the strongest support to his cause. M. Legouis is further concerned to prove that French poetry has been in England the victim of a conspiracy which, initiated by Dryden, has found in later times such spokesmen as Coleridge, de Quincey, Landor, and Matthew Arnold. With the last-named, as the representative of a scholarly, courteous, insidious, and, at times doubtless, perfidious, line of criticism, the debate becomes serious. The half-truth contained in the line,

France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme,

is most satisfactorily refuted by a reference to French architecture; the general proposition breaking down, the particular one, concerning French verse, is obviously in jeopardy. On another point the credit of this important witness is even more seriously shaken. Arnold, dealing with the thorny subject of comparative rhythm, has placed side by side the Shakespearean gem,

Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were foresworn,

and some little-known alexandrines from a source unknown to M. Legouis. The latter uses his advantage to the full, and in a page or two of humorous criticism completely turns the tables.

If at times M. Legouis smells—pleasantly, it may be admitted—of the *Salle des Pas Perdus*—as, for instance, when he draws inferences from the respective predominance of the vowel and the consonant in such words as "oiseau" and "bird," "force" and "strength," or when he illustrates the advantages of a thrifty vocabulary, or when he turns Pope's metaphorical comparison of the snake and the alexandrine against the heroic verse itself—he has succeeded on the whole in giving us a view of the matter that is remarkable for its breadth and sanity. Some of his pronouncements deserve to be printed in gold: for example, "En réalité il n'y a pas de jugement porté du dehors sur la valeur esthétique d'une langue qui ait grande autorité." And he imagines the best kind of international criticism as a kind of dialogue on the model of part of the "Shepherd's Calendar," where Willye and Perigot shall chant alternately the praises of their respective mother-tongues, and the umpire shall have nothing to do but to divide the prize.

M. Legouis, we have said, skilfully demonstrates a great deal. We are not sure if he can ever persuade us that the full enjoyment of French verse will ever be an easy acquisition for the English reader, that it can be attained without much prayer and fasting. That is, we think, the whole point. We may feel that the dicta of Dryden and Arnold were unjust or impertinent, but we cannot but repeat with the latter:—

What rendered vain their deep desire?
A God, a god their sev'rance ruled!
And bade between their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

M. Legouis gives two principal reasons for the difficulty, apart from "l'accident Shakespeare"—the first is the classical tragedy, the second is the alexandrine verse. This latter, or rather the entire question of French versification, with the problem of the accent, is enough to account for the whole misunderstanding. In this connection we will abstain from any comment on Mr. Hallard's feat of arms, except to say that his translation of Fitzgerald's Omar is extraordinarily faithful, and should provide rusty Omarites with an agreeable method or excuse for "reviving old desires" and thrills.

M. de Souza is to some extent a revolutionary. He believes in a chastened "vers libre," as distinct from an "artificielle liberté," as the "pensée libre" of M. Paul Flat claims to be from "la libre pensée." But the freedom of M. de Souza is not to be won with a caress; it is to be attained only with tears and mortification.

Its champion seems at times almost a sinister personage; his clarion-call, "Be free," and his word of warning, "Be worthy of your freedom," strike such diverse notes, that we feel before him as before La Fontaine's hero, who

Souffle le chaud et le froid.

We may console ourselves by remembering that M. de Souza is not only a critic, but also a poet of acknowledged merit, and that his severities are due less to a desire to make a technique seem difficult than to a deep sense of the loftiness of his divinity. He believes that the revolution he advocates will before long win a glorious victory. The scene that greeted the first performance of "Hernani" is to be repeated, when the enlightened lips of some great actor will tell the truth about rhythm to the enlightened ears of a converted audience. Meantime the proselytes are to be strengthened in their faith by the evidence of comparative phonetics. The system and apparatus of the Abbé Rousselot, it would seem, contain the answer to the whole metrical question. Every sound and every nuance is capable of the most complete analysis. The results may not always be the same—M. Landry, for instance, in his recent work on French rhythm, reached very different conclusions—but to men of goodwill the path is one and plain. Poetry is to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and to know her own good and evil.

Briefly, the postulates of M. de Souza are these:—There is a real accent in French poetry—not quite like the Anglo-German accent, which, according to M. Legouis, is a "tatonage," painful to acquire, and impossible to get rid of—but still an accent. It is composed of length and intensity, which have been inseparable in French since the days of Cæsar's soldiers: there is a metrical, as opposed to a grammatical, word, in prose as well as in poetry: in poetry, words and syllables have no existence—nothing exists but the line, the verse: in the verse the vowels alone count: and, finally, there is only one judge to whom appeal can be made—the ear.

Life is short; Art is immeasurably long, but every excursion in her domain is profitable. In the realms of Art no region bears more unmistakably the impress of her gracious sovereignty than that of French poetry; and of those who are privileged to wander therein.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage.

Among the Rougon-Macquarts

A Zola Dictionary: The Characters of the Rougon-Macquart Novels of Emile Zola. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction, etc. By J. G. PATTERSON. (G. Routledge and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

ON Michaelmas Day ten years will have elapsed since the death of Emile Zola, and it is incontestable that the sale of his works has declined during the period in question. No better proof of this could be found than in the figures which Mr. Patterson gives in his note

on the editions of the Rougon-Macquart series. By comparing these figures with those which appeared in Vizetelly's life of Zola issued in 1904, it will be seen that the number of copies of these books sold during the interval has been far from large. It may be pointed out, however, that a similar fate overtook the writings of Balzac during the twenty years which followed his death in 1850. Later there came a Balzac revival, and it is, of course, possible that there may also be a Zola revival.

Meantime, Zola's writings are at least of interest to the student of literature, as, for good or ill, their influence on fiction-writing has undoubtedly been far-reaching. It follows that Mr. Patterson's compilation may have its utility, though we could certainly have wished for a work of greater scope, that is one embracing all Zola's novels, whereas Mr. Patterson's volume is strictly limited to the well-known Rougon-Macquart series. In 1901, a year before Zola died, M. F. C. Ramond produced a compilation entitled "Les Personnages des Rougon-Macquart," which is familiar to all Zolaists, and which covers precisely the same ground as that which Mr. Patterson has been exploring. True, one work is in French and the other in English; but to what real student of literature can the latter appeal when the former is at his service? A knowledge of the French language is becoming widespread in this country, and every publishing house is aware that only a very small market is now left for English translations of French authors.

Mr. Patterson certainly supplies a biographical introduction, together with synopses of the plots of the Rougon-Macquart novels—features which are not included in M. Ramond's work—but in other respects his volume is the inferior one. Once or twice we have found him giving a brief entry which is not in M. Ramond's book, but again and again the entries in the latter are far more informing and complete. Mr. Patterson must assuredly be acquainted with his fore-runner's work, for although he does not mention it with others in his prefatory note, we have more than once found him using virtually the same language respecting some particular character. Let us take an instance at random. This is what Mr. Patterson says of Worms, who figures in "La Curée":—

A famous costumier, before whom the ladies of the second Empire bowed the knee. Renée Saccard was one of his customers, and when she died owed him an account of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand francs (£10,280 stg.).

Here, on the other hand, is what we find in M. Ramond's book:—

Worms.—Illustre tailleur, devant qui les reines du second Empire se mettent à genoux. Il les habille avec l'inspiration et le recueillement d'un artiste génial. Renée Saccard est une de ses clientes, et laisse chez lui, en mourant, une dette de deux cent cinquante sept mille francs.

Thus Mr. Patterson's two sentences are virtually iden-

tical with M. Ramond's first and third; and M. Ramond's account of the personage is the more informative, as his second sentence, omitted by Mr. Patterson, tersely describes Worms's gifts and disposition.

"We have not space for further comparisons, but the attention of those who may use Mr. Patterson's book must be directed to one very extraordinary instance of mistranslation. He says of La Mère Louis, a character in "L'Assommoir," that she was famous for her "hen feet." The statement greatly puzzled us, but on referring to Ramond we found that this woman was famous for her "pieds à la poulette"; and on opening "L'Assommoir" at page 336 we learnt that Coupeau proposed to take Bec Salé to Mother Louis to partake of some sheep's trotters, for that is the meaning of "pieds à la poulette"—"poulette" sauce being compounded of butter and yolk of eggs, with pepper, salt, and a dash of vinegar. But, according to Mr. Patterson, Mother Louis had "hen feet"! Perhaps, when he perpetrated that remarkable blunder he was thinking, not of Zola, but of Anatole France and "La Reine Pédaque," otherwise Queen Goosefoot. In conclusion, we must say that while Messrs. Routledge may well be commended for their enterprise in issuing a series of dictionaries to famous authors, this particular volume is by no means so impeccable as those previously allotted to Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and others.

William Sharp Himself

Poems by William Sharp.

Studies and Appreciations by William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. WILLIAM SHARP. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net each.)

MESSRS. HEINEMANN are rounding off their handsome collected edition of the works of "Fiona Macleod" with the works of William Sharp. That the latter should be issued as supplementary to the former is in itself significant. Few to-day will judge otherwise than that Sharp won for himself an honourable niche in the literary Pantheon; that niche may prove to be a little obscure, set in a somewhat select corner where only the chosen worshippers may foregather, but he is likely to hold it secure from usurpation. Most will be agreed, however, that the face in the niche will be the face of "Fiona Macleod." This, indeed, would appear to have been William Sharp's own judgment, at least thus far, that he recognised his "Fiona" work as the expression of his most secret self and the fruit of his choicest moods. It was for this function that he, so to speak, donned his priestly robes and with confidence invoked the *divinus afflatus*.

There are some good poems in this new volume. Take, for instance, the one entitled "Motherhood," or that very successful ballad, "The Weird of Michael Scott." The "Sospiri di Roma" struck a new note, and some of the numbers in this sequence have a wonderfully elusive atmospheric quality. But for the most part the muse of William Sharpe is pedestrian,

where the muse of "Fiona Macleod" winged the strange ether. This may help to explain why the best things in this book are the sonnets, a form in which polish and careful craftsmanship count for quite as much as lyric spontaneity. But by far the greater portion is descriptive verse, turned with all that artistry of delicate colour and sweet sound which is distinctive of William Sharp in any rôle, but lacking the more characteristic Celtic glamour and bated mystery of the "Fiona" poems.

Great moths came out, with myriad sharded wings
Huge beetles droned, and other twilight things
Hummed their dim lives away, and through the air
The flittermice wheeled whistling: while the glare
Of summer lightnings flashing furtively
Blazed for a moment o'er the sleeping sea.

There are many pages similar to this, but nothing in the whole volume like "Fiona's" "The Secret Gate," or "Dreams Within Dreams," or "Dim Face of Beauty," or the eerie little poem:—

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places:
I have not seen their faces,
But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,
The little tremulous leaves of the wind.

Not that we would imply a too fantastic idea of psychic difference, as it were. Now that we know the jealous secret of "Fiona," it seems easy to compare, discern similarities, and pick out parallels. Little personal idiosyncrasies may frequently be discovered in both volumes by the curious—as a fondness for the words "flittermice," "spire," "banneret," and the use of the phrase "the Hollow Land" for the spirit-world. It is noteworthy that the later "William Sharp" poems betray most affinity with those of "Fiona Macleod."

The new prose volume is by the nature of its contents removed from the delicate imaginative prose of "Fiona." At the same time it is a collection of considerable worth and interest. It includes, in addition to the valuable treatise on the Sonnet—for which many of us have treasured the little "Canterbury" sonnet-anthology—his critical preface to "The Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare," and the paper introductory to the "English Odes," both issued in the same series. There are also essays on "Modern Italian Poets," "Sainte-Beuve," "Some Dramas of D'Annunzio," and other papers collected from the reviews. Mrs. Sharp tells us that her husband himself intended issuing these essays in volume form, and we are left somewhat sadly to imagine the introductory essay he had planned on "The Sevenfold Need in Literature," from the following suggestive outline, which is all that remains to us:—

- I. Idea.
- II. Technique.
- III. Spontaneity of Impression,
Fidelity of Observation,
Sincerity in Expression.
- IV. Judgment.

V. Emotional Power :

- (i.) Rhythm,
- (ii.) Emotion.

VI. Invention. (i.) As Formative Energy ; (ii.) as Synthetic Vision.

VII. The Achievement in Beauty.

It is a vain thing out of our plenty to mourn the books that have never been written, but we would give a good deal to have seen this fragment complete.

A Magnificent Ruin

The Fall of the Mogul Empire. By SIDNEY J. OWEN, M.A. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

INDIAN history may be written in several ways: by a complete statement of the facts, by analysing the causes in operation, or by some mixture of the two methods in varying proportions. Mr. Owen does not aim at what he calls regular history. His object is to bring out the salient features of the story of a limited period by indicating the causes which effected the dissolution of the Mogul Empire. As an expert in his subject, as a Professor in India, and Reader for an unusually long time at Oxford, he may be trusted for the accuracy of his narrative, which is derived almost entirely from contemporary and recognised authorities. The lectures which he has thus summarised covered rather more than a hundred years from the illness of the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1657 and his deposition, to the fatal battle of Panipat in 1761, when the Afghans broke the Mahratta power. The common view of historians is that the Emperor Aurangzib's (1658-1707) bigoted and anti-Hindu policy originated the decadence of the Mogul Empire, and that his degenerate successors contributed to its downfall. Mr. Owen's theory is that Aurangzib dealt it a mortal blow from which it could not recover, and that the Mahrattas under Sivaji and his followers completed its ruin. He shows so clearly the errors committed by Aurangzib and the development of the Mahrattas that it would be difficult to avoid concurrence with his views. Aurangzib's successors really never had a chance of retrieving their position. The Empire was too unwieldy in size, the central government was too weak, there were too many racial and religious elements of cleavage, and, apart from the Mahrattas, the foreign invasions of Nadir Shah the Persian, and Ahmad Shah Abdali the Afghan, further impaired the waning resources of the Empire.

The merit of Mr. Owen's book is that it is eminently readable, his extracts from native and other sources are to the point, and he avoids as far as possible the kaleidoscopic mixture of innumerable names which is fatal to all pleasure in the study of history, especially Indian. It would be easy to take exception to his transliteration of certain well-known Indian words which shows his want of acquaintance with their originals, and the eye is struck by the same word being spelt differently in different places. It is strange that he should end his work with the battle of Panipat, which

brought to grief the Mahrattas who had contributed to the ruin of the Mogul Empire, though their discomfiture did not resuscitate the Empire, and that he should make so little allusion to the English who had asserted themselves in India long before 1761, working their way inland from the sea coast, by contact with the Native Powers. But he has said enough to support his main theory, and to present the history of an important century in a form which the general reader cannot only tolerate but will find attractive. His chronological table of chief events helps to prove Mr. Owen's mastery of his subject.

Shorter Reviews

Big Game Hunting in Central Africa. By J. DUNBAR-BRUNTON. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVEN the man with some years of experience of South Central Africa will find this a useful book, and probably, after studying its recommendations on the subject of health preservation, will be amazed at his own lack of elementary medical knowledge. The author is, first of all, a sportsman; he is incidentally a medical man as well. He has given here an immense amount of information regarding the habits of nearly every species of African big game, and from that point of view his work will prove a help to the intending hunter—and to the comparatively old hand as well, since additional knowledge is always useful. For the stay-at-homes, who get their big-game thrills from books rather than from actual experience, here is enough of exciting incident to satisfy the most exacting, and all bearing the stamp of reality—we feel that these things happened, for the author frankly relates stories against himself as well as those illustrative of his successes.

His familiarity with native dialects has enabled him to include a few legends and folk-lore stories told by his carriers round their camp-fires. The rabbit is the central figure in each story, save in that one in which the cat, seeking for the strongest of all protectors, comes at last to sit by the woman's fire. We should have liked to see more of these folk-tales, but, then, it is a hunter's book.

We cannot congratulate Captain Dunbar-Brunton on his choice of photographs, which, with two or three exceptions, do not adequately represent the text. Apart from this, and one or two other trifles, the book is a simple, straightforward record of experiences in the life of a good sportsman, who knows how to make his stories interesting.

The Oxford Country: Its Attractions and Associations Described by Several Authors. Collected and Arranged by R. T. GÜNTHER, Fellow of Magdalen College. Illustrated. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE character of this work is described by the above head-note. Several of the essays appeared so long ago as the middle of the last century, but in a work

dealing with the surroundings of a city where the lapse of centuries produces little change in men or manners that fact in no way diminishes their interest. The one-time *alumnus* of the *Alma Mater* will peruse with interest these descriptions of familiar haunts and jaunts, and by so doing will demonstrate once again that even the commonplace may become of importance if a sufficient number of people emphasise it sufficiently. It is curious and instructive to notice upon the very first page one of those charming old-world split infinitives—"to adequately record"—which are so seldom met with in the present-day world. The "humour" to be found in these pages is of the type illustrated upon page 313, where we find a pterosaur described as "an early Oxford flying machine," and upon the next page, where the reader is shocked to behold in graphic form the fate of the sacred Bagley Wood, whence the public has been rigorously excluded so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Bagley Wood let in building plots! Ye fauns and dryads, what a fate! The book is plentifully illustrated with photos and plates.

Caught in the Chinese Revolution. A Record of Risks and Rescue. By ERNEST F. BORST-SMITH. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IF the reader will forgive the author for a rather catch-penny title, and the publisher for a very crude cover, he will find much to entertain him in this profusely illustrated little volume. Mr. Borst-Smith writes in his preface: "I am deeply conscious of the many imperfections of this work, but find comfort in the fact that the interest of these pages lies in its story rather than its style; in the tale itself rather than in the telling." We think that the author, who is at all times most modest, has, on this occasion, done himself an injustice, for the subject of this book, which cannot fail to awaken considerable interest, has been treated most excellently. Our only adverse comment is that some of the photographs, especially those of babies, should have been relegated to the family album.

Mr. Borst-Smith gives a vivid account of the revolution in the province of Shensi. Though he admits that "the Manchu rule of the past three centuries has been little else than a story of oppression," he points out that this fact cannot possibly serve as an excuse for the fearful atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary party, and more particularly by the "Elder Brother Society," for Mr. Borst-Smith is at some pains to discriminate between the two movements. The revolutionaries proper had every intention of protecting the foreigner, but their good intentions were too often overruled by irresponsible rioters. The aim of "Young China" was to wipe out the Manchus. The object of the rioters was personal gain, and no means were too foul to attain that end. Even those who have no particular interest in missionary enterprise cannot do otherwise than admire those men and women who figure in this volume, for their loyalty and heroism add a glory to human character that is

happily quite distinct from creed and dogma. China's missionary work has been adversely criticised of late. We have heard of arduous and expensive labour giving a return so small that it can hardly be called a harvest. Whether this is so or not is quite apart from the purpose of this book. The thrilling story of the Shensi Relief Expedition, the story of those men who risked their lives to rescue the Shensi missionaries, reveals, without a doubt, fine, stirring, fellows—heroes all. It is to these men Mr. Borst-Smith has very appropriately dedicated this book that describes on the one hand the terrors of a mad, voracious mob, the slaughter of helpless women and children, and on the other hand the splendid strength of men who are prepared to lay down their lives for others.

Letters to Myself. By A WOMAN OF FORTY. (T. Werner Laurie. 5s. net.)

WHEN it is stated on the title-page of these epistles that they are dedicated to Miss Winifred James, the reader has a good idea of what may be expected from a perusal of the pages following. There is very little in any of the letters that one can either praise or blame. They are very sentimental and occasionally morbid. Like many of the recent outpourings of the female mind, they are very selfish and self-centred. The dread of grey hairs, fading charms, and a large number of dots help to fill the book. We suppose there always will be a certain number of people who will read their own feelings into and appreciate a book of this kind, just as there are people who imagine that they possess all the symptoms which are suggested in each line of a patent medicine advertisement. As long as there is a public devoted to this class of writing, there will always be those who will supply the demand, while the more healthy and optimistic are courting sunshine even when the sky is most lowering and forbidding.

In the Garden. By MARGARET CAMERON. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 6d.)

Rambles in the Park. By WM. J. CLAXTON. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 9d.)

THESE are the latest additions to Messrs. Blackie's admirable series for the young, "The Rambler Nature Books." The first is for pupils of nine to eleven years of age, and the second for those a year or so older. They are bound in green limp cloth, and are altogether remarkably well got up for the low price at which they are published, the coloured page plates being particularly good; the smaller black and white illustrations in the text leave nothing to be desired either. The booklets are brightly written, and contain a fund of nature lore so pleasantly imparted that they cannot fail to interest and instruct the young readers for whom they are intended. "The course of Nature is the art of God," and those who find pleasure in studying her ways are better and happier for doing so; hence we cordially recommend this series to parents and teachers.

The Eugenics Review. (Vol. IV., No. 2. 1s. net.)

THE First International Eugenic Congress has just held its session, at which a number of interesting papers were read, provoking discussions not less interesting. Of these we hope to say a few words in a later issue. Meanwhile we feel we cannot do better in the cause of social regeneration than by calling attention to the quarterly review published by the Eugenics Education Society now before us. Many problems which have long puzzled the sociologist and economist are here discussed in an illuminating manner. In the essay upon "The Inheritance of Mental Characters" Mr. Cyril Burt presents a very strong case in favour of the doctrine of heredity as opposed to that of environmental modification. The journal also contains a number of excellent reviews of treatises bearing upon topics closely concerning the study of eugenics.

Fiction

The Chief Commissioner. By HILDA M. SWABEY. (Evenden. 2s.)

THIS story concerns one Henderson, who, after marriage, found his wife so far beneath him in things intellectual that he left her and went to take up a post in the Indian Civil Service. This resulted in the chief commissionership, and here the book begins, leaving us to find out Henderson's earlier history as we go along. The unexpected arrival of Dora, the eldest daughter of the ill-assorted pair, rouses in Henderson an active animosity against his wife for sending the girl out, for he has practically forgotten his children as well as his wife in his ambitious projects. We see him as a dour, hard, upright, narrow-minded, bad-tempered Scot, and in Dora his temperament is partially reproduced, plus feminine intuition, but minus sexual impulses and a certain strength of character. In the ensuing contest between father and daughter, which gives scope for the display of a certain amount of quiet humour on the author's part, Dora succeeds in conquering her father's aversion, and leaves him a slightly better man than she found him.

This is practically all the story, and so slightly is it told that the three hundred odd pages seem rather a waste in the development of the plot. Yet the book contains some clever character-drawing; Henderson's warped temperament is well realised, and Dora, a singularly unlovable heroine, is quite convincing. Though a somewhat level monotony characterises the story, it is a high level, and the work is interesting throughout.

The Hidden Fear. By JAMES BLYTH. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

IN "The Hidden Fear" Mr. Blyth has given us a very fine novel indeed. The story is based on the theory of a dear old professor who will have it that all cases of insanity are hereditary, and who spent twelve years

of his life endeavouring to prove that a man who was rendered insane by the fracture of his skull, consequent of a fall from his horse, is really the possessor of a certain specific micro-organism. It is not until a second accident occurs to the patient in exactly the same spot as the previous injury, which was cured by an operation that the old doctor will allow his pet theory to give way to the views of an eminent German specialist, who for the second time proves that the patient only requires surgical treatment in order to restore him to his normal condition. Winnie and Trixie, the daughters of the unfortunate man, are two very real and well-drawn characters. Winnie especially is a type of woman very seldom encountered in the pages of modern fiction. While loving passionately and devotedly Sir Richard Covehithe, who returns her affection, she has sufficient self-restraint and respect to claim him only as a friend until such time as the supposed ban of hereditary insanity is removed and she can honestly be his wife. The portrayal of Lady Whitestone, who, as her grandson Cyril says, is not "Victorian, but absolutely antediluvian," in her attitude to all the families who she considers are socially her inferiors, is delicious, and we only wish that Mr. Blyth had devoted a chapter to a meeting between the old county dame and the wife of the prosperous manufacturer who tried so hard to enter the ancestral mansion and at last succeeded in manœuvring an invitation from Cyril, who is only too glad to escape from the bonds of class seclusion. There are many other characters, particularly among the women, who make the book well worth reading, and we are certain that, while Mr. Blyth writes up to the standard of the present volume, his public will in no ways diminish.

The Vicar's Secret. By C. E. JEFFERY. (Murray and Evenden. 2s.)

WHILE little or no sympathy can be extended to the insufferable cad who figures as the Rev. Hanbury-Greene in the pages of "The Vicar's Secret," we think that it would be advisable for the author to gain a more detailed knowledge of matters connected with the Church before he again attempts to depict one of her ministers. A priest does not usually regard a stole as a "useless" article, nor does a rector, however, "ritualistic," "entertain" penitents in his study, and we have yet to meet a preacher of the Gospel to whom a "belief in the supernatural was as a red rag to a bull." For the rest, we can only conclude that the author has at some time or another read "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and endeavoured to write a romance in a similar vein. The present book, however, has none of the force of the earlier work, and is much hampered by inelegant English and the frequent use of French expressions in places where the English equivalents would read very much better.

Lady Dorothy's Indiscretion. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

WE suppose that when novels from the pen of an author follow one another in such quick succession it is too

much to expect that very great care can be extended on the production of each one. Lady Dorothy is a bright and light-hearted girl, with just a touch of daring in her composition. One day she comes across an airman overhauling his machine on a moor, where he has just alighted. Thirsting for adventure, nothing would suffice but that she must accompany him on his voyage, and in spite of many protestations on his part she has her way. The machine becomes unmanageable, and they alight, late at night, many miles from Lady Dorothy's home. From this point endless complications follow one another in quick succession, and Lady Dorothy, who is blackmailed by more than one despicable wretch, changes from a gay and winsome maiden into a worried and careworn woman. She, her lover, and his mother are the only three characters in the book who are worth a passing thought. The rest are mean and contemptible people, and are useful only to show up more clearly the better natures of those we have mentioned. All is well in the end, although we cannot say that we have very greatly enjoyed the lengthy working out of the various intricate situations.

Modernismus: Ein Weltraum-Roman. By O. SCHULTZKY.
(A. Stein, Potsdam. 3 Marks.)

THIS is a strange book. It is a kind of romance, divided into two main parts, "Der Grossdenker" and "Leta eine Gottessidee," each of which is symmetrically divided into six sections, while each section again is made up of a triplet of knotty chapters. It is based on the newest psychological-evolutionary theories, tintured with reminiscences of the second part of "Faust." The fourth dimension plays a certain part, and the curious conception of a "Weltraumstadt." It is all very suggestive, if not convincing. Psychical evolution is by now almost a truism, but the absolute conception of a superman has begun to lose some of its arrogant definiteness. Herr Schultzky's antagonism to "orthodoxy" amounts to an obsession, and makes us feel that, in spite of the universal character attributed to his hero's researches, his psychology is not very deep. Heterodoxy is the largest thing in the world; but it has a hundred heads: orthodoxy is an easier quarry for a moderate marksman.

The Theatre

"Autumn Manœuvres" at the Adelphi Theatre

A PLAY with music is the pleasant description which Mr. Henry Hamilton gives to his adaptation of the well-known German *mélange* of folly, love, fun, intrigue, and melody, but it might also be especially called a farce with actors. For, in its present form, in which

it defies all weathers and draws enormous houses, the humour and popularity of the piece is largely the result of the efforts of Mr. Huntley Wright, who has never been quite so amusing as in the character of Captain Withers of the Broadshire Territorials. The delight of the thing is in its utter absurdity; the wild fun of it removes all possible offence, and prevents the feeling that there is any too bitter satire on a particular class of officer and gentleman. The joke may indeed do the Territorials good; such good-natured laughter can hurt no one. Mr. Edward Sass, who is always excellent, is particularly at home in his present rôle, and, like Mr. Evett and Mr. Mackinder, never allows the spirit of the comedy to flag for a moment. Of course, Mr. George Edwardes takes thought that the ladies of the cast shall lack nothing of fascination, and thus with Miss Hilda Anthony and Miss Gracie Leigh and a battalion of other alluring people the comedy and plot of "Autumn Manœuvres" swings through its three brilliant acts with easy grace.

For the many wise or wayward people who love laughter without too much thinking, for the holiday mood, the "play with music" at the Adelphi will prove a sure delight.

The Day of Short Plays

THE popularity of the larger music-halls and the new regulations in regard to stage plays have produced a fine crop of short dramas and old plays which have renewed their youth in a more compact form. One of the best examples of this selection or compression is seen in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Masqueraders," which appeared so exciting when all the world was young, some fifteen years ago, at the St. James's. At present it is being played at some of the music-halls of the outer London circle, but will soon, no doubt, be of the centre. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has met the taste of the moment, also, in "Dolly's Little Bills." This Miss Ethel Irving makes even more delightful at the Hippodrome than she did some time ago, when this one-act comedy was a rather long-drawn play. Although there are, of course, a thousand and one motives that need the spacious four-act form, such adaptations as the "Little Bills" rather outlined the fact that we have been contented with a good deal of padding in the good old days, and may look forward to an increase of brisk action and vital phrase in future from our playwrights. For a time there will be many to regret the change, but as the ideal to be sought has always been a short and brilliant comedy which began at nine o'clock and ended at eleven, there is nothing to be said but words of praise for a development in dramatic art which is gaining ground so swiftly and so justly.

Some Irish Types

TALKING with a well-known London bookseller on Bray Head the other day, I learnt that it was his first visit to Ireland. He had come over for the annual Booksellers' Conference, that was held this year under the hospitality of the Dublin Branch, and I asked him what his impression of the country was. His reply was significant. "There seems to me as much difference in kind," said he, "between English people and Irish people as there is between the French and the English; I feel as far removed from England here as ever I have felt in France." To many his words will seem no more than trite; but he spoke with the air of one who had made a perplexing, if not astounding, discovery; and it was plain to see that he was revising a good many of his ideas with regard to the problems that lie unsettled between the two nations.

It was a remark one could not easily forget, if only because of the way in which it was made. It was as though one were to hear the sudden comment in Grafton Street in wonder at the number of blue eyes: when immediately the whole street seems to shine with the twinkle of blue eyes, and the mind begins to count up the percentage of eyes other than blue. For a few days after I had to be taking the weary day's travel between Dublin and the Far West; and, inasmuch as that comment was working away like yeast in my mind, I began to notice what otherwise I should have paid no particular heed to. An environment always gives a fitness to the people produced in it, and to be familiar with the environment is not to notice particularly the people who are framed in it, and who, indeed, are a portion of it; but I began to pick out the people from their environment and to notice those types that would defy attempts to frame them in any other surrounding than their own.

Outside, examples enough would have lent distinction to the thought. Outside, in fact, the types that would have borne transplanting without outrage would have attracted attention by reason of their rarity—especially as the journey grew more westward. But as the train crept insistently from station to station the railway carriage seemed like a net catching examples up for observation, and surrendering them when observed. There was a detachment, a remoteness and insularity, about it almost inhuman in its fascination. Indeed, it was absolutely inhuman, as far as any human study may be so.

The first was a woman who sat apart in a corner, rigid and immobile. There was a suggestion of humour and kindness about her mouth, and in her deep blue eyes a soft light gleamed, although they seemed stern and sorrowful immutably. A plain shepherd's plaid shawl had been drawn over her head, but this had fallen to her shoulders, revealing jet-black hair pulled firmly back to a knot at the back of the head. Her hands were in her lap, and consequently her shoulders were a little pulled forward. But this seemed only to give a softness to the firm, almost hard, set of them as

she sat with her eyes fixed on nothing terrestrial. Her face was tanned with many weathers; but there was, deeper than this, a swarthinness proper to her complexion; and it accorded well with her firmly-moulded but high cheek-bones. Her dress was of the poorest, but there was the memory of a high and ancient race in every line of her features and in each poise of her mien: a calm, patient, self-sufficient dignity that belongs to the older orders of the world when aristocracy was an instinct, not a cult. The rain beat against the windows of the carriage, and someone addressed a remark to her: "It's a rough day." A light seemed to travel in her eye as she brought it to a nearer focus, and her mouth softened as she replied: "It is so." Then her glance went round the carriage incuriously as she noticed her fellow-travellers; and she resumed her distant dream. Only now, I observed, the gleam of humour in her seemed curiously intensified; and it had a quality of its own. It was not the humour with which one may watch the play of children. It was rather the humour with which one might regard the war of worlds. Simple peasant woman she was; but as I sought for an expression to describe the light in her eyes, I could think only of "cosmic mockery." Then the train drew up at a station; she pulled her shawl over her head, took her parcel with her large hands, and the clank of heavy boots rang out on the stone platform as she stepped away with a dignity and calm not less instinctive than when she sat.

Beside her a man of a nature wholly different had been seated. The blue in his eye was brighter and merrier; and his shrewd attentive glance took in the characteristics of all his fellow-passengers. I recognised him at once as the man at Athlone who, when an inspector had pointed out his train to him, had at once asked: "But where's the engine to it?" He wore a tall hat like an old sugar-loaf cone, which, with his very bushy brows drawn over his eyes, and his prominent adventurous nose, gave him an aspect of keen inquiry. His long upper lip bespoke reflection; and his half-whiskers a certain gravity. He might in the hands of some artists have been made to serve as the typical, in the sense of traditional, Irishman; but in his kindly glance there was a reserve and dignity that would have defied such treatment. To his friend sitting beside him he was at times quite loquacious; but to a stranger that loquacity would have been a disguise and not information. For, as I compared and contrasted him with the woman beside him, dissimilar though they seemed, there was an indefinable oneness between them that one could not find a name for, nor an occasion, till the eye was turned about on the miles of desolate brown bog on every hand. The scene was dreary enough; yet it had a haunting dignity, the same that wrapped the man and the woman opposite me.

In the farther corner sat a man enveloped in his own mists of thought. He, too, had the long upper lip that caricature has fastened upon to identify the Irishman; but, whereas in the other it was contrasted with a short, somewhat receding forehead, with him it was

given a different tone by his high, thin brow. He spoke to none, and seemed to notice nothing; yet when a woman wished to leave the carriage at a station, and complained excitedly that she could not do so, as she had seen the guard lock the carriage at the previous station, he turned about and quietly said, "Unlocking it he was that time," and lapsed again into his silence. He seemed to be some small farmer by his dress; but with his erect figure, his stern glance, and his iron-grey hair, he might have been accepted as an equal in any rank. Not that he would have recorded that equality. Indeed, that same difficulty of approach that I noticed about the others seemed intensified in him. And when, after some two hours' silent sitting in the train, he at last went out, I was considerably surprised to see a little woman from the other end of the carriage go out with him—evidently his wife. They walked silently down the platform of Claremorris.

This reserve could not be claimed for the woman opposite him, whom, for all her vivacity, he scarcely looked at. The many jags in her row of teeth, the chin thrust out, and the skin of her face like tanned leather, well crinkled to fit over its prominent framework, spoke of the passage of years over her, but her eyes leapt and gleamed with irrepressible youth. Her glance was everywhere; not so much to evoke merriment from anyone else as to find a vent for her own. When someone addressed a question to her, it was answered with extraordinary heartiness and fulness. When her company was sought it was accorded with an exuberant vivacity; when it was not sought it was not offered, but her wonderful eyes continued to twinkle fun everywhere. They almost seemed to fill the carriage with light. And when she, too, went out the officials at her station greeted her heartily, though, I noticed, none of them, save one of the boys, with familiarity.

Did one set out to seek such types, distinct in their nationality, many more could be found; but here were these caught up in a carriage during one day's journey. Each of them had the indefinable furthermore of personality, that strange something that cannot be caught and imprisoned in the description of words, but in their merely superficial presentment they challenged transplanting. They were of the race, racy; and each of them, in his or her degree, had that rarest of human qualities: spiritual dignity. DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Psychology of Error

IT is a grave matter if a man commit a crime, but it is a graver one still for him to make a mistake. In other words, it may be said that it is a mistake to commit a crime, but it is a crime to make a mistake. And in this view there is a certain amount of justice, for the consequences of a man's mistake, of a moment of carelessness or haste, may be far more serious than his deliberate crime. Among non-thinking, indulgent people the notion prevails that a mistake is just a mistake, nothing more, and that it is idle to discuss a matter

further if it can be proved to have originated in a blunder. Even though hundreds of lives or thousands of pounds have been lost in consequence, these good-natured people cannot find it in their hearts to blame if it can be proved that the act was not wilfully intended. But all experience teaches the danger of this attitude. Men must be held responsible for their mistakes even more than for their crimes; the former are aggravated by the fact that they usually are so unforeseen and superfluous; whereas crimes are, generally speaking, the actions of abnormal people acting under strong temptations. One of the ironies of some of the greatest tragedies in history is that it appears afterward that they might so easily have been avoided or that they had such insignificant causes. It is this very spirit of *laissez faire* which is indirectly responsible for half or perhaps three-fourths of the evils of life.

Too common is the illusion that most of the evil of the world is brought about by malice or mean and base motives, or by deliberate design. Mistakes and indifference are responsible for more mischief and misfortune than all the machinations of the evil-minded, for the worst that these can do is little and is not lasting, and, indeed, generally defeats its own end; but the men who forget or neglect their duty, or blunder, are collectively more culpable and dangerous to the community. It cannot, therefore, be held an excuse that a man did not foresee, was inattentive, that he had never blundered before, or that others might have made the same mistake—a man is responsible for anything which happens disastrously under his administration if it be not an earthquake or something which none can control. This law of responsibility is illustrated in war when a sentry, found asleep at his post, often suffers the extreme penalty, whatever the circumstances may be; and since all men who are in a position of responsibility are the sentries of life against the approaches of death, or of good against all the hosts of evil, any dereliction of duty, any negligence, any inefficiency or want of prevision is usually liable to be as serious in its consequences and is punished as severely.

But mistakes are serious not only in great matters and in their public consequences; they are still serious in small affairs when they injure no man but the blunderer himself, because they make him ridiculous. In social life, for example, a solecism is an unpardonable crime, and from its consequences, if it is of a certain kind, a man never recovers. Character, capacity, culture, and antecedents are indicated in a man's mistakes much more than by his virtues and excellences, for virtue may be acquired and imitated and a man may avoid most common or other errors by rote, whereas in his mistakes one always glimpses what lies below the surface—he gives us an advantage, and we see the real stuff of which he is composed. There is, however, a wide difference between blunders which no man of sense or sound instinct would make twice and errors arising from an inferiority of capacity, a defect of education, or from what Dr. Johnson describes as "pure ignorance, madam." From the evidence of the pronunciation or the

spelling of a single word it is often possible to know approximately a man's entire mentality, taste, education, and status. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" the author instances in this respect the person who asks, "How's your health?" for "How are you?" or who says that he "remembers of" a certain incident, and quotes a visitor to one of his friends who asked if a statuette of Cupid in the parlour of her country house was "a 'statoo' of her deceased infant." One need not, however, cite errors so comically illiterate as this; there are a hundred degrees of inaccuracy between the correct and the grotesque, and it is in the easy and unconscious avoidance of these that the scholar, the gentleman, and the man of sense are known.

It is almost alarming to think of how much a man may reveal of what he does not know or has never been told in a single slip of a certain kind, and of how difficult or even impossible it is to conceal for long anything that we do not know. The chief value of education does not lie in the possession of large stores of knowledge, but in the art of concealing or avoiding what is not known. It teaches not so much what to do as what to avoid, not so much what to say as what to leave unsaid, and an educated man is so called simply because, if he has been well educated, there are so few of still superior knowledge to whom he can give his ignorance away. It is, of course, perfectly true that even intelligent and clever people often cannot spell correctly and may even commit solecisms of speech, but it will invariably be found that their blunders are inaccuracies only, and that they never commit those ludicrous, vulgar, and banal errors which the illiterate, and even more, the half-illiterate, perpetrate daily and hourly. True, even the vulgar are not devoid of virtue or excellence, but men of natural sense always have the wit to confess or avoid the things of which they are ignorant and to discover and make good their defects at every opportunity. Even a man of talent and intellectual ability may blunder in matters in which he is chiefly self-taught and has not had opportunities of learning better, but it may be declared that no man of good sense blunders badly in the same way twice; he avoids anything with which he is not well conversant. Intelligence is best illustrated in an aptitude to learn and correct one's own errors in a capacity for improvement and progress. This capacity for self-correction and self-improvement always characterises an astute and intelligent mind, and goes far to repair and remove defects which arise merely from circumstances. A man of this kind invariably feels too deeply humiliated by any error he discovers himself to have made to allow himself to blunder in the same way again, always verifies doubtful points in his knowledge, and is never caught tripping twice. This, indeed, makes his progress. All science, it has been said, has been built upon mistakes, and this is true of all human progress, individual or collective. It is by doing wrong and suffering the consequences that men learn to avoid error. Experience, as has been said, wisely and wittily, is a name which everybody gives to his mistakes.

F. H. M.

University Extension

EVERY sentiment being in the economy of Nature has to take the season's risk. Civilised man surrounds himself with an environment designed to deaden climatic shocks and changes, but the savage is Nature's partner in rain and storm. He has no need to study weather reports or tap barometers; one glance at the sky or the receipt of an unconscious air message suffices to telegraph to him prescience of snow or storm in store. The sailor and the woodlander have the savage's faculty in a lesser degree. It is one of the disastrous effects of our modern craze for bloated cities and the consequent blotting out of the countryside from the ken of vast hordes of the rising generation that the man or woman so reared is an artificially-limited product.

The thesis we advance is that the British race would acquire fresh vigour and tenacity if it became the fashion for the sons of the moneyed classes to spend a year in a Canadian or South African University, such University being specially designed as a school of hardihood. Our present system of School and University is producing a crop of men who are estranged from actual contact with the real issues of the common heritage of primitive folk. Their eternal patter about sport is a feeble substitute for the faculty which enables the young up-country Colonial to fend for himself when pitted against elemental conditions. In the Old Country we set about the same sort of training in amateurish fashion. A vast proportion of educated young Englishmen know nothing of the gamekeeper's art, of forestry, or of such physiography as has become an instinct with the up-country Colonial. Geology is a sealed book to them, and their powers of reconnaissance are atrophied. They have rung the changes on the usual games, they may perhaps have learnt to shoot driven pheasants and to do a little trout fishing, but a shepherd boy could give them points and beat them with ease in all countryside lore worth acquiring.

Let us then imagine a University established on some healthy spot in Canada or South Africa, far from the cities. A youngster has, let us say, taken his degree at home, and is then sent to our bush University for a final year's training. He would find there the University life maintained, that is, its discipline and culture would not be relaxed, but the young graduate would henceforth be systematically worked in the open air. He would spend a large proportion of his time in the saddle, would be drilled, made a marksman, and taught to take his share in the rough and tumble of a squatter's life. We venture to say that he would come back braced and stiffened to truer ideals. His horizon would be widened, his hold on essentials deepened. The ineffable young gentleman who is too familiar to us nowadays would have been taken down the necessary number of pegs by his Colonial training.

It may be objected that the course we suggest would habituate a growing lad with vagrant notions. That touring sometimes has such effect affords, however, no proof of a similar tendency under the conditions we

advocate. It is hardly necessary to say that to attain the desired end the home and colonial Universities must needs work together, in order that there might be no hiatus between their respective dual courses. If the home and South African Treasuries and the Universities of the Old Country were to club together, a workable scheme could be readily evolved and its effects would be far-reaching. To knock the conceit out of the young British graduate, to make him a handy man instead of a dilettante, to show him that college success is a poor substitute for the capacity of taking his place in the fighting ranks of his fellow-men, to widen his chest, fill his lungs with pure air and exorcise the demon of ennui, would all be no trivial gains. But if to that be added the staying of the plague of reaction in South Africa, the stiffening of the Home connection and the enrichment of the race types of both lands, as the result of inevitable intermarriage, we surely have an ideal well worthy thought and effort. Expenditure on buildings in South Africa would be cut down to a minimum, as all our Colonial graduates would of course go under canvas for a considerable proportion of their term. The traditions of our resident Home Universities would not be copied in the South African University. The scheme of the latter would have for its object to engraft on the home growth, the product of the spoon meat of lectures and laboratories, the ideal of the noble savage. Let the young Englishman, before he settles down to the business of his life, for a year or so discard the respirator and spectacles of his home upbringing and catch the inspiration of wide vistas.

We go a step further. We would make it a high prize for, say, 1,000 of our picked Boy Scouts that they should have a year's training in South Africa on the lines we have indicated as the basis of our University extension. In the Boy Scout organisation we have one of the most promising assets of the future. Its effect will be wider than that of the Volunteer movement, which was specifically designed to kill the idea of universal military service in this country. Every Boy Scout is a potential apostle of this. That universal service is inevitable, that the country is running a risk of national shipwreck so long as it evades its obvious duty of accepting the yoke, is patent to every man who is not a doctrinaire or a Little Englander. Britons must either face the music as their grandfathers did before them or give place to a hardier race-type. Conquest is not always settled on the stricken field. A walk through the dreary slumlands of London must convince anyone who is not "too blind to have desire to see" that England is half conquered already. In the 'seventies Disraeli boasted that no street corner agitator could attract an audience of half-a-dozen. Great measures of social reform characterised that period of our Parliamentary history and lack of proper excitement was not due to apathy. Now on every side we hear of industrial wars and rumours of wars. Vain would be the sophistry of Socialist and revolutionary if the worker did not feel, in some inarticulate fashion, that all was not well with his class, that the wheels of the chariot of State drive heavily.

The waste spaces of Greater Britain cry out for men to till and subdue them; the whole world is eager for masterhood, for leaders, seers, men whose vision is not limited by the narrowing gossip of the market-place. While in England during ten months or so of each year the best intellect we possess runs to waste watching the spectacle of degraded politics, the bone and muscle of the country is meanwhile watching cricket and football matches. The vital interests of the Empire may be ignored, provided those redoubtable politicians, Tite Barnacle and Co., are not detached from their coigns of vantage. Our legislators wear out human time and tissue with futile party strife. If any measure of real utility has to be discussed it is scandalously scamped under the guillotine. Meantime surely but slowly the conquest of Britain goes on, and we are slipping from our premier position of high renown, down the easy inclined plane of self-abasement.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

THE two principal items of the July number are a most vivid and picturesque account of Florence in the time of Dante by Herr Robert Davidsohn, and an appreciation of Count Aehrenthal from the pen of Herr Franz Zweybrück. The antecedents of the great Austrian statesman are explained, his tenacity and his services to his country are illustrated, and at least a partial justification is made out for the *coup* of Novibazar. An impression of a very forceful personality is conveyed, and the circumstances of his retirement and death are invested with a certain tragic significance. Herr Rudolf Holzer contributes the almost inevitable appreciation of August Strindberg. Herr Herbert Stegmann uses the recent work of Mme. Nicati as a peg on which to hang an enthusiastic study of Elizabeth Browning. Frau von Bunsen's Neckar travels are concluded, and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff's letters and "Stephana Schwertner" are continued.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

July 1.—Léon Dierx receives a tribute from M. André Fontainas. M. Buffenoir discusses the authenticity of the reputed death-mask of Rousseau, and reviews the career of Houdon, the sculptor. The publication of some interesting "félibriste" correspondence, in which Jean Reboul and Théodore Aubanel figure, is begun. M. Norel draws a dark picture of the dangers of modern Atlantic crossings.

July 16.—Three long articles of extraordinary interest form the main body of this number. M. Beck, *à propos* Montaigne's journey, discusses the history of the taste for natural scenery, sometimes venturing on the most daring precision. M. Guimbaud is admirable on Rousseau in England; the amenities of the sojourn at Wootton are contrasted with the quarrel with Hume,

and the latter is made responsible for much of the trouble that followed. Finally, M. Dumesnil's account of Flaubert's connection with the theatre is to be recommended; there is a good deal of the original Flaubert in it, and the whole thing is well done. In the "Revue de la Quinzaine" M. Davray discusses Mr. Gosse's recent article on Rousseau.

LA REVUE.

July 1.—M. Gaston Riou, in the course of a "Lettre aux 'Jeune-France,'" a kind of Republican manifesto, analyses "les trois visions"—"le rêve ultramontain," "le rêve traditionaliste," and "le rêve Français," with which last he identifies his own political principles. M. Georg Brandès has some good stories of the vanity and simplicity of Hans Andersen. M. Faguet examines in piquant fashion the book of M. de Pradel de Lamase on the vicissitudes of his family under the Revolution and its existing claim to compensation. M. de Gallier presents some unpublished documents dealing with an officer of the eighteenth century.

July 15.—M. Normandy gives unpublished letters of Rollinat. M. Chuquet shows Murat in a bad light—inefficient as Napoleon's representative after Moscow and a faithless ally in his dependent kingdom. Signor Sighele, who, since his last pronouncement in the *Revue*, has been expelled from his Austrian property, continues his debate with M. Dauzat about Franco-Italian relations. The Futurist grievance, in a sane form, is to be noted in Signor Sighele's contribution. M. Faguet discusses M. Marcel Prévost's recent venture in "Pedagogy."

LA REVUE BLEUE.

June 22.—M. Paul Bonnefon starts the publication of a large mass of correspondence of Ximénès Doudan. Mme. Frederika Macdonald discusses the enigma of Rousseau's children and of their alleged abandonment. M. Duboscq is very interesting on "La Question Albanaise" in its latest aspect.

June 29.—M. Paul Cambon and Sir Edward Grey are, according to M. Ernest Lémonon, "des diplomates, qui cachent des âmes de soldat"; Baron Marschall is "un soldat, avec une âme de diplomate." The latter has achieved great successes at Constantinople, but he does not appreciate the difference between that city and London; he is too full of "coups de poing," has, it seems, made a bad initial impression, and will achieve nothing. M. Paul Gaultier reinforces M. J. Reinach's indictment of alcohol as a national peril.

July 6.—M. Arthur Bauer in the first of a series of articles discusses the irreducible minimum of moral teaching in schools. M. Bourgin makes some general observations on the efforts of Mr. Sidney Webb and others to grapple with the problem of pauperism.

July 13.—M. R. G. Lévy, armed with statistics and general considerations, attacks the nationalisation of railways in France. M. de Glouvet writes charmingly of the relations between the fifth Duc de Guise and

Anne de Gonzague-Nevers. M. Julien Roshem estimates Rousseau's influence on the conception of the duties of maternity.

L'ACTION NATIONALE.

The July number is devoted almost entirely to a series of well and profusely illustrated articles on French East Africa. The idea of a great black empire under French auspices has been gaining ground so steadily that this number is very much worth attention. M. Maurice Viollette, apart from some commonplace counsels, urges an extension of public works and the avoidance of concessions to private companies. M. L. Sonollet, in his remarks on the native troops, quotes Stanley as regretting that France had got the best of certain African partitions—"car elle a le pays des guerriers."

REVUE DES ETUDES NAPOLEONIENNES.

Colonel Camon, both by precept and by manifold example, sets himself to show that Napoleon had a system of generalship. Unfortunately he never wrote it down, though he started to do so. But in most of his campaigns and battles he "n'avait eu que deux systèmes de manœuvre et deux systèmes correspondants de bataille." The two systems were (a) La manœuvre sur les derrières, (b) La manœuvre sur position centrale. It is with the former and more frequent of these methods that Colonel Camon deals in the present article. Plans of the illustrative battles are inserted. M. Ballot deals with an odd side of Napoleon's political economy—his loans, frequently forced loans, to manufacturers, to assure stability of industry. M. Driault keeps us abreast of the French and Russian armies of 1812—dealings with Poland, the resignation of Jérôme, and the advocacy by Bagration of an offensive movement on the part of the Russians, bringing us down to the Battle of Smolensk and the subsequent forward movement. The other end of 1812 is supplied by the final instalment of Captain Fabry's contribution—the diary of Wittgenstein's army.

REVUE DE MÉTAPHYSIQUE ET DE MORALE.

The May-June number of this review is entirely devoted to Rousseau, and to admirers of the apostle of Geneva it is well worth the five francs for which it is to be obtained. Thirteen articles approach the subject from almost as many points of view, and most of them bear names of the very highest eminence. M. Boutroux, for instance, undertakes the difficult task of proving that Rousseau had a consistent philosophy; he finds consistency even in his inconsistencies. Professor Bosanquet is among those who deal with the political ideas, and disposes of some classical English misconceptions. M. Jaurès, in a lecture of 1889 on the same subject, is alternately brilliant and *démodé*. M. Levy-Brühl gives a clear account of the quarrel with Hume, and M. V. Delbos discusses Kant's debt to Rousseau.

REVUE GERMANIQUE.

The July-August number of this little periodical is devoted to a review of English poetry for the year ending May, 1912. M. Floris Delattre is responsible for the whole number, and has carried out his task remarkably well. It is quite a useful synopsis, in the manner of Whittaker, of the events of the poetical year, and the criticisms are sound and suggestive. From a less accomplished bi-linguist the occasional "conseils" would seem a little out of place, but M. Delattre has a perfect right to give them, and it would be a keen critic that caught him tripping.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

June 22.—M. Marçais' "Textes arabes de Tanger" is praised as embodying sound linguistic methods—not confounding literary with spoken dialects. M. Cartier's great discovery—the only existing copy of Calvin's "Excuse de Noble Seigneur Jacques de Bourgogne"—is discussed. M. Bastide notices M. Delattre's book on fairies, and Mr. Bates' "Touring in 1600."

June 29.—M. Bastide writes a brilliant appreciation of M. Delattre's "Herrick," lately reviewed in THE ACADEMY. For the comparison with La Fontaine he substitutes the parallel with "l'abbé poudré et élégant" of the eighteenth century. M. Chuquet discusses M. Vulliod's essay on "Die Pietisterei im Fischbeinrocke"—Frau Gottsched's translation of Père Bougeant. M. Bastide also notices Mr. Westcott's work on new poems of James I. of England, and M. Feuillet's "Arcadia."

July 6.—Mr. J. G. Robertson's "Nathan der Weise" receives high praise. Several German books on Goethe are noticed. M. Chuquet gives a précis of M. Masson's "Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène."

July 13.—Mr. J. C. Lawson's studies of modern Greek folklore and its connection with ancient religion are highly recommended for their suggestiveness. M. Roustan notices the "Oxford Book of German Verse," reviewed a short while ago, less favourably, in THE ACADEMY. M. Madelin and his revolutionary methods in relating the Revolution—no notes and all sorts of odd omissions—are discussed, not unkindly. Mr. Buck's book on Greek dialects is strongly recommended.

The Celluloid Danger

By WALTER F. REID, F.I.C., F.C.S.

FROM time to time the public conscience is shocked by fires due to celluloid, which burst out suddenly, generally in workshops where numbers of girls are employed. Individual accidents, caused by the same substance, such as the ignition of celluloid combs, are still more frequent, but rarely lead to loss of life.

Those not familiar with the industry naturally ask themselves whether steps could not be taken to prevent the loss of life that experience has shown may be ex-

pected during the handling of this substance, as now carried on. Many consider that celluloid is explosive, but this is not the case, although it can be ignited so quickly, and its combustion proceeds so rapidly, that it may, under some circumstances, become more dangerous than many explosives. The chief constituents of celluloid are collodion, cotton, and camphor, usually with a small percentage of castor oil to give the necessary flexibility and toughness. The camphor prevents the explosion of the collodion cotton under all circumstances; but, once the celluloid is ignited, the camphor is converted into vapour, which is itself highly inflammable. Owing to the presence of the nitro cellulose, the celluloid contains within itself enough oxygen to support combustion sufficiently to convey fire from one article to another, and, as the camphor vapour is a gas, combustion spreads with great rapidity.

Celluloid has become so essential to our comfort and daily wants that it would be impracticable to forbid its use, and there is at the present moment no substitute for it which possesses all its properties, and is yet less inflammable. Many such substitutes have been suggested, and some are being made on a commercial scale, but at the present moment celluloid cannot be completely replaced. The practical question then is: how can its manufacture and use be so regulated as to prevent the loss of life which is constantly occurring? In the factories themselves, where the celluloid is produced, accidents are rare on account of the precautions taken, especially with regard to the use of lights.

The explosive industry, which, under the superintendence of the Home Office in this country, has formed a model for other nations and for our own dominions, affords some indication of the direction in which we must look for practical means of safety. One of the most useful restrictions placed upon explosive manufacturers is the limitation of the quantity of explosive material present in any building at any one time; the number of workpeople allowed to be present in such a building is also limited, and these two limitations have probably saved more lives in explosive factories than any other regulations. It would be quite possible, without materially interfering with the industry, to limit the quantity of celluloid allowed to be present in any workshop in proportion to the number of workers present. In many cases this would merely mean passing the articles through the workshop in smaller batches, instead of allowing them to accumulate in large quantities. When finished off, the articles should be stored in safety rooms or buildings where no fire should be allowed on any consideration whatever. Similar restrictions are imposed in many other cases, especially in connection with the storing of benzoline, petroleum, spirits, and other substances scarcely more dangerous than celluloid. No doubt in some cases structural alterations might be required, but no manufacturer can claim the right to expose a number of workpeople, generally girls, to a danger which experience has shown is a very real one.

It is to be hoped that our authorities will take the

necessary steps before some fresh disaster causes them to legislate in a panic, and thus hamper an industry the products of which have become indispensable to all of us.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

LLOYD GEORGE sometimes forgets that he is not Prime Minister; it seems he spoke a little hastily when he promised "early legislation" on the subject of strikes in his speech on the adjournment on Tuesday, 23rd inst. Last week I described the Irish as "looking sick" at this promise of "early legislation," and the general impression is that John Redmond Dictator had seen Mr. Asquith, and told him that it was all nonsense: "early legislation" must mean when the Home Rule Bill is through and not before. There must be no promise about English legislation for strikes whilst the Home Rule Bill is still in the hands of the moulders; it must be cast before anything else is put in the cupola of the legislative foundry.

On Wednesday Bob Cecil asked Asquith when the Strike Bill would be introduced. The Premier, with the tail of his eye on John Redmond, "hoped" it would be next session. This mild interpretation of "early legislation" caused Lord Robert to ask sarcastically if this was "another obligation of honour." Asquith winced, but sententiously replied that it was an obligation of honour which would be performed in due course.

Mr. Barnes wanted to know if the noble lord was correct in describing the Bill as proposing compulsory legislation. Asquith skilfully parried this by saying that Lloyd George had described the Bill in "much more general terms." Mr. Brace showed the alarm of the Labour members by asking the Government to remember that the trades unions for years had declared by enormous majorities against compulsory arbitration. This is quite true, and the Labour men are bitterly angry with the Government; when they asked them last night to interfere, they meant that the Government should use compulsion to end the strike at once with the masters, not the men. In fact, the leaders have been so much in touch with the Government that they felt sure that in the end they would interfere in their behalf. They never dreamed of general legislation in favour of compulsory arbitration all round being introduced, it was "hoped," next session—what good was this to the men on strike to-day? No wonder when the news filtered down to the East End there were riots and charges of police with drawn batons. The day was devoted to more Navy Estimates, and the Radicals were astonished when that original shaver, Sir J. C. Compton-Rickett, ranged himself on the Imperial side. Sir Compton looks and is the essence of Liberal Yorkshire Nonconformity, but he has won the respect of the whole House by his impartiality as an able Chairman of Committees. His neighbours could not

believe their ears when he concluded a weighty speech with the remark "that our social requirements were as nothing compared with our predominance on the sea, and, if that was challenged, we must accept the challenge." It was like the voice of one of Cromwell's Ironsides speaking across the centuries. Thirty-two Little Englanders supported the amendment to reduce the vote of £22,000,000 by £100, and were defeated by 249.

In the House of Lords Haldane threw over Mr. Outhwaite and his Single Tax.

If rumour and the evening papers are correct, Lloyd George is having a pretty rough time of it in the Cabinet. The *Daily News* had a naïve interview with Elibank on the subject, and that bland cherub felt it necessary to declare that Mr. Lloyd George was on intimate personal terms of friendship with the Premier.

On Thursday the debate on the defence of the Empire was continued. The speeches were on a high plane. Mr. Borden from Canada and Mr. Reitz from South Africa were again attentive listeners in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Mr. Asquith told us something of the work of the Imperial Defence Committee which Mr. Balfour, with far-seeing statesmanship and in view of the days that are impending, had founded some ten years ago. It consists of men of all parties, and it gladdened my heart to-night to see unmistakable signs of the fact that, in the event of trouble, party disputes would vanish into thin air and the House and country rally as one man round the Premier.

Bonar Law made a splendid speech. He is still an untried man in several subjects of debate, but on each necessity he has risen to the occasion in a way that has surprised and delighted his followers. He refrained from saying, "We told you so," or indulging in vain regrets, beyond remarking that, if in the past there had been the "cool and methodical development" Winston now preached, the rivalry between ourselves and Germany might have been postponed. The Little Englanders, led by Ponsonby, bleated feebly against the increased expenditure, but the House was in no mood for talk of this kind, and they were again beaten by nearly 300 votes.

A close observer will admit that the present Government have had splendid luck all through. I have never belittled their cleverness and courage, but it is impossible not to see how time after time they have had all the luck as well, and it was again exemplified on Friday morning.

If Lloyd George had spoken for sixty seconds longer than he did, when he moved that the Supplementary Estimates for the new services should be taken on Monday, the Government would have been beaten, for, when the door of the Lobby was locked, it shut out eight Unionists, and three Radicals who were breathlessly tearing up the staircase. This would have given us a majority of two. The Government would not, of course, have gone out, but it would have shaken them horribly. Every Unionist paper throughout the country would have simply had on its placard, "Defeat of the Govern-

ment," and the man in the street would have got it into his head that the end was near. He cannot understand a Government with a huge majority being actually defeated in the division lobby.

There was much recrimination. The Radicals said it was sharp practice, and the Tories said everything had been open and above-board—there was no secret snap at all. The Radical Whips used scorpions in lashing their unhappy followers who strolled down "in time for lunch, don't you know," whilst our own late birds could have cried with vexation. And here, as the session draws to a close, I should like to pay a tribute to our Whips. People used to talk about "Bob Acres" (now Lord Chilston) as the best Whip of the century, but I doubt if he comes up to Lord Balcarras. "Bal." has all the qualities which go to make up a successful Whip—he is as genial and charming as Walrond (who was as lazy as a Circassian girl), while he has all Alec Hood's resource, without his cavalry sergeant-major's manner. He is never in a hurry, and he suffers bores and fools patiently, even taking notes of their suggestions, which sends them away content. Ned Talbot is always kind and affable, and far more successful than his easy-going predecessor in getting speakers. Pike Pease is an excellent lieutenant, contriving with rare abrogation to give other people the credit of the things he thinks of himself. He is probably the most popular man on our side. The rest are young men, all keen on their jobs, and the result has been such whipping as we have not seen for years and years.

I do not quite know what is the matter with that journalistic bear leader, H. W. Massingham. Last week he attacked Lloyd George, and on Monday he ran amok in the *Daily News* about Winston and his ways, and compared him to a startled steed. At the end of the article he pleaded for a new Radical peace-at-any-price party, with the pale-faced Ponsonby as leader. He is evidently very angry with the whole Cabinet.

At half-past three a red-haired, stalwart, thick-set-looking man arrived in the cloisters with his father. It was Ernest Craig, the victor of Crewe, come to take his seat, but not quite knowing how to do it. It was late, but he was rushed upstairs, and after due formalities was marched up the floor by Balcarras and Stewart, amid the deafening cheers of the Tories. Bob Cecil tried to tie the Government down as to when it was intended to bring in legislation about strikes, but luck has again favoured them. The strike is at an end, the holidays are just beginning, so that it can go over for the present. The "near future" of Lloyd George was now translated by John Redmond through the patent McKenna megaphone into May, next year.

We dealt with various supplementary estimates all the afternoon: George Kemp has at last been allowed to resign N.W. Manchester, and the supplementary vote for Uganda was absolutely necessary. Tim Healy is a great stickler for Parliamentary forms. He knows far more about the Standing Orders than ninety-nine men in a hundred, and in days gone by was a terror to Speakers. Nobody knew what he would be up to

next, and then prove he was in order by the book. (I think it was he who once spoke from the Gallery.) Well, Tim was very much exercised over his favourite Uganda—a supplementary estimate ought to bear some relation to the size of the original estimate. To estimate a thing was going to cost £70,000, and then want half a million because you had made a little mistake was rubbish, and it was adding insult to injury to refuse information or to give details as to how it was going to be spent. He declared the legislation was bastard, wasteful, and illegal.

This was all very well for a purist like Tim, but when you have just lost Crewe, and want to save Manchester if you can, you can't expect a Government to allow trifles of that kind to stand in the way; so Uganda had her half-million.

Later on we discussed why another £42,000 was wanted for the Insurance Commission, and Masterman got his lank hair pulled in all directions, till he was quite cross and had a smart set-to with Worthington Evans, who went bald-headed for the inaccurate leaflets of the Government. Masterman tried to counter by complaining of a poster at Crewe, but unfortunately failed to quote the wording accurately, and nobody had the original to refer to.

At ten the guillotine fell, and the House filled up; all those guilty people who know that they have been absent from divisions came down to adjust averages. In an hour and a half we marched through the lobbies continuously, and voted without discussion sums amounting to sixty-eight millions sterling.

At the close of the night Bob Cecil raised a question of privilege. I was out of the Chamber at the moment, but rather fancy it had something to do with making payments without the leave of the House. It was evidently a point of some moment. "Where's Asquith?" somebody called out—he had apparently gone home. "Send for Ponsonby!" implored some wag on our side, but the new leader was also absent, so Cecil agreed to adjourn it.

On Tuesday our great Indian Empire's affairs were once more to the fore, but the interest chiefly lay in the questions and answers that went before.

The Opposition obtained a definite pledge from the Prime Minister that the new proposals with regard to land would not include a single tax. That does not mean, although it sounds so, that the land will not have a single tax on it, but that the particular doctrine preached with so much success by Hemmerde and Outhwaite in recent elections of a "single tax" had no foundation in fact; but, like the Chinese slavery lie, it has served its purpose and can go into limbo.

Birrell is throwing himself heart and soul into protecting workmen at Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast, who are being molested by their fellow-workmen. Police and soldiers are being hurried to the scene, and members wanted to know why this was not done in the case of the Port of London riots. Why this difference of treatment by the Government officials between Belfast and London? The Chief Secretary does not

know anything about London, declared the Speaker, with a face like granite, so we could not question him further.

Having regard to Asquith's well-known declaration in 1901 that no Liberal Government ought to remain in power at the mercy of the Irish vote, and having regard to the majority of three on Friday last, it was asked, did he intend to adhere to his view and resign? The Premier read the following reply:—

The Government do not propose to resign office in view of the division referred to. The speech from which the hon. member quotes was made by me eleven years ago, and should be read as a whole. I think that the advice which it gave as to the conditions under which the Liberal Party should thereafter assume office was sound. I went fully into its application to existing circumstances in some observations which I made on the motion for the adjournment of the House on Wednesday, June 19.

Mr. Montagu then gave an optimistic address on the condition of India. It was very well put together; he spoke of the attempts of the India Office to make the lives of Indian students less lonely, and pleaded that Englishwomen might be more hospitable in letting the youths see something more of English home life. Some of us, however, have had experience of hospitality abused, whilst Ramsay MacDonald, with remembrances of the "Broken Road," doubted if Western education was good for the natives of India. However, he has been put on a Commission to consider and report on the public services in India, and there he ought to be very useful.

Mr. Mallet, a Radical politician who was badly beaten at Portsmouth, has been put into the position of superintending the Indian students at £1,000 a year. The appointment was much criticised: Unionists were inquisitive. What was his pension, if any? Had he passed any, and if so, what public examination? Did he understand any, and, if so, which, of the many Indian languages? But we obtained very little information from Mr. Montagu.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) for June are as independent as usual. Indians never fail in critical capacity. The proceedings of the Mysore Economic Conference show how advanced the State is, but the editor, disagreeing with the Education Committee, does not advocate the founding of a University there. He quotes at length Lord Brassey's book on fiscal policy and Lord Inchcape's support of Free Trade for India, whereas all Indians are Protectionists. In the cause of temperance in India he advocates the extension of local option, a policy which has been officially condemned as inappropriate to India. The writer of the many papers on English life through Indian eyes has reached women in politics, and stage-land. The articles on Hyderabad, the premier native

State, its history and present aspects, afford materials for a standard account thereof. The editor strongly contests the conclusion, elsewhere advanced, that the Eurasian community hold the balance of the political situation in India, and that the continuation of British rule rests on their sweet will. It certainly would be news to the domiciled community themselves that they held the key to the political situation in the country. "A Citizen of the World," writing on Mahomedan Powers and Indian Moslems, challenges the main Moslem propaganda, the bond of religion. He points out that "the stress and struggle is economical and political all the world over, and religion has almost ceased to be a motive power in governing the mutual relations of nations."

The *Collegian* (Calcutta) for June has an interesting announcement of a contemplated college at Bombay for girls, to be taught by the Jesuit fathers. A committee to frame a scheme for a University at Dacca has been appointed. Free education is making a beginning in a small way. The new University projects hang fire for realisation of the promised subscriptions. Articles of Elizabethan prose and Indian history are useful contributions for students. The report of the Calcutta Imperial Library shows difficulties in its working. The experiment of having an Indian as librarian was a fatal measure. On his death he was found to have "borrowed" between 200 and 300 books, many of which must be regarded as lost.

The London-printed *Rajput Herald* for June has a character sketch of the Gaekwar of Baroda, remarkable for its plain speaking. "He is, judging by his net accomplishments, an average Indian ruler, possessed of qualities of commonplace statesmanship, but at the same time imbued with American ideals, especially in his hunting after publicity." An Indian critic on "What's Wrong with England?" supplies the answer that there is rampant in England's social life the utmost corruption which, if unchecked, must in due course evolve into dire catastrophe. "Political Science Among the Ancient Hindus" is an interesting historical study, but the "Real Cause of India's Downfall" has more practical bearing on the present: the cause assigned is security, leading to luxury, inaction, physical unfitness, degeneracy. "British Rule in India" is generally commended, as being without a parallel in the world's history, but not without a grumble at the insufficiency of the latest changes. The editorial notes on the Indian princes in London and on current Indian questions are well written, though the Indian view has always to be discounted.

The *Hindustan Review* for May-June has an encouraging paper on the development of the silk industry in Kashmir, which has made great progress. Irrigation in South India is a technical subject of great importance, but it is too dull for such a journal. "The English in the Court of the King of Ceylon" in the eighteenth century is an obscure chapter of Oriental history. A notice of some Indian reformers is a text for harping on Indian nationalism, which is an ideal not

likely to be attained in our time. The miscellaneous reviews and notices in this journal are always useful, and it does a service in reproducing the full text of the presidential address at the United Provinces Conference at Cawnpore on "Some Imperial and Provincial Problems." Such an address concentrates advanced opinions on the prominent questions of the day.

Grammar for Futurists*

THE Futurist is certainly an amusing fellow, and, if at times his words and his tones make him rather compromising company, we may console ourselves with the thought that the metropolis of letters is a big place, and that it is odds against our being seen by any of our acquaintances. We have seen some of his pictures, we have read some of his poems, "La Bataille de Tripoli," a whole sheaf of his manifestos, and "Le Futurisme (cinquième édition)." It is this "cinquième édition" that supplies us with an excuse for writing about Futurism at all. The movement may not have deep roots, but it has a rapid and luxuriant growth, and we have no doubt that, beside the large number of Italians who sympathise with its sane, primary grievance, there exists a handful of persons who take the wilder words of its prophets as spoken in good faith. That they are not so spoken may be proved on the excellent evidence of Signor Marinetti himself. Confronted with an ironical representative of *Le Temps*, he has confessed that "le reste," that is everything but certain elementary, almost incontrovertible, principles, "n'est qu'arguments, et clairon, et coups de poing."

Readers of THE ACADEMY have heard of Futurism more than once, and have no need to be instructed in its principles. It is possible that they are not acquainted with all the ramifications of the movement—Futurist poetry, Futurist drama, Futurist music, and Futurist war-correspondence. A Futurist war is actually going on, and should not be the last of its kind; we have not yet heard of Futurist cooking.

Futurist grammar and syntax we have met with in their embryonic stage; we did not know that they would so soon be codified. Signor Marinetti has just launched the most fascinating of all his manifestos. "Ce fut en aéroplane" (as a passenger) that he first got the idea. Examples of how to write easily occurred to him from his own works. And here are some of the results of his cogitations, some excerpts from the "body of rules" that are to constitute the new art of literature:—

Il faut détruire le syntaxe en disposant les substantifs au hasard de leur naissance.
Il faut employer la verbe à l'infini.
Il faut abolir l'adjectif.
Il faut abolir l'adverbe.
Plus de ponctuation—

* Manifeste Technique de la Littérature Futuriste.

mathematical and musical signs will give us all we want.

Il faut orchestrer les images en les disposant suivant un maximum de désordre.

The result may be obscure. We may have to "renoncer à être compris." *Tant pis!* "Être compris n'est pas nécessaire." So long as we chant for our own delectation the song of Matter, all will be well. "Après le vers libre, voici enfin les mots en liberté;" *et les lettres? et les points sur les i?* There is no end to the process, save, perhaps, Signor Marinetti's coming-of-age, or, at any rate, his fortieth birthday, when he has given leave to a new generation of Futurists to trample on his carcase. But in the meantime some over-literal supporter will have blown up the Pitti or the Forum.

Art

Whistler and Legros at the Tate Gallery

LAST week I spoke of the horrors of the London Salon. With the object of effacing the memory of the same from my mind, were it possible, I paid another visit to the loan collections at the Tate Gallery, which will remain on view until September in the case of Legros, and October in the case of Whistler. The two painters are as sharply contrasted as is possible. In Legros is wanting that inimitable airy grace which is indelibly stamped upon the works of Whistler. There is nothing light or fantastic about Legros: his was the grand style of painting: he painted what he saw, and painted it with consummate skill. Compare his portrait of Thomas Carlyle with that of Whistler. They both presented the man as he was, but Whistler gave us something in addition, namely, the concentrated, unsatisfied yearning of a lifetime.

Compare again Legros' "Le Grand Canal à Venise" with Whistler's pastels of Venice. No finer illustration could be found of the truth that you can paint every stone and every ripple, and yet fail to catch the spirit of the whole. When you look at Whistler's tiny pastel of Santa Maria della Salute from a distance, you suppose that upon a closer scrutiny you will find the most elaborate workmanship. No such thing: nothing beyond supremely skilful disposition of colour-masses. When I stand before such works as the nocturnes, my favourite amongst which is "The River at Westminster," or the portrait of Miss Cicely Henrietta Alexander, I am filled with sorrow at the thought that the author and creator of such beauty should have been all that Mr. Macfall recently told us in THE ACADEMY that he was. And the pity of it that he whose soul thirsted

for beauty could ever have painted the appalling "Symphonies in White."

There is a curious little connecting link between these two loan collections in the fact that Whistler's much discussed "Piano Picture" was exhibited, after its rejection at the Salon of 1859, by Bonvin in company with Legros' portrait of his father. At that time the latter had not attained to the supreme mastery of portraiture which distinguishes his later works. Amongst the latter the finest examples now upon view are the ecclesiastical pictures—"Rehearsing the Service"; the portrait of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, with its visionary eyes and broad, contemplative forehead; the "Priest Saying Mass"; "St. Clement of Alexandria" (the same face appears in the largest of the canvases, "The Pilgrimage"); and the portrait of the Right Hon. C. G. Milnes Gaskell. The greatest of all Legros' themes is the rapt devotion of simple souls, and his grandest rendering of it is to be found in the large picture which I have just mentioned, "The Pilgrimage." In this and its sister picture, "Femmes en Prière," though the two were separated by seventeen years, one forgives the somewhat uncouth grouping and the lack of depth because of these wonderful faces. Both in subject and in rendering, "Le Repas des Pauvres" is completely Rembrandtesque.

In "The Barricade," an otherwise uninteresting composition, the face of the boy holding a pistol shows a marvellous rendering of expectant earnestness. There is in practically all the interiors and figure-groups a certain studied stiffness or formality of arrangement, most pronounced in the earliest works, which Legros scarcely ever succeeded in shaking off. He succeeded in the case of the "Fishmarket," at all events, save in the background. In the same picture he demonstrated an ability to portray still life far higher than one would have attributed to him. As I have said, he never seems to have caught the breath of the fields, the spirit of the open air. The more striking, therefore, is the anomaly presented by the masterly oil-sketch painted before the pupils of the Slade School of Art on Hampstead Heath in 1876, redolent as it is of breezy uplands.

One should not miss seeing a curious and interesting fragment called "L'Incendie." I am not greatly drawn to Legros' efforts in sculpture, though some of the bronze medallions are good; but amongst the collection of etchings, lithographs, and engravings which lines the walls of the Sculpture Gallery are many treasures. They are, principally, the gold points of Berlioz and Darwin and the dry point called "Le Cours de Phrénologie," an excessively rare plate, containing, also, a beautiful portrait of the artist's father; and an engraving in an early state called "La Mort du Vagabond." There is one painting which I have forgotten to mention, "The Leaf Burner." The date I do not know, but it is fraught with all that subtle appreciation of humble toil which belongs in so high a degree to Alphonse Legros.

R. E. N.

Notes and News

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing a new edition of the popular "Bridge Catechism" by Robert Hammond. Arranged in the form of questions and answers, the new edition includes particulars of the Portland Club code, as well as the latest practices of the leading bridge clubs.

Arrangements are being made by the newly founded Blake Society for the compilation and publication in numbers of a bibliography of William Blake, a Blake concordance, and other works, which are to be issued gratis to members. The precise mode of procedure will be settled at the meeting of the society at Wyldes, North End, Hampstead, on August 12. The secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney, Bucks.

In an article appearing in last week's issue of the *Stage*, Mr. Oswald Stoll says that it is estimated that in London alone nearly a million admissions are paid to picture theatres every Sunday. Mr. Stoll argues that the question of Sunday opening has reached such dimensions that a solution of it should no longer be delayed. He takes the position that, in fairness to other competitive forms of amusement, picture houses should not have this exceptional treatment, and should be closed on Sundays, or theatres and music-halls should be allowed to open in common with them.

The full prospectus of the eighteenth season of promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood, contains upwards of 500 separate items. Of these 300 are purely orchestral numbers (many of them quite new), 60 instrumental, and 120 vocal. The general scheme is framed upon the same lines as in recent years, viz.:—Mondays, Wagner; Wednesdays, symphony; Fridays, Beethoven; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, popular. Dr. George Henschel has kindly consented to conduct the orchestra on September 30, October 1, 2, 3, and 4, during Sir Henry J. Wood's absence at the Birmingham Festival.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce for immediate publication a new work by Virgil M. Harris, entitled "Ancient Curious and Famous Wills." The author is a lecturer at St. Louis University. His book deals with about 500 wills obtained from various parts of the world, beginning with the earliest times and coming down to the present day. These wills range from Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, and Augustus Cæsar, to Mary Stuart, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Wellington, Washington, Whittier, Longfellow, Barnum, and Brigham Young. The book contains many anecdotes, and is most entertaining. The same firm announce "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli," by A. J. Anderson.

Beginning on August 3, a full programme of events has been arranged at Stratford-upon-Avon in honour of Shakespeare and to further the revival of folk song and folk dance. The festival will continue till the end of the month. There will be representations of Shakespeare's plays by the F. R. Benson Company, and in the theatre garden demonstrations of morris and sword dances and folk songs. Classes will be held daily, where competent instructors will teach the steps and movements of the various dances, and the words and music

of folk songs. The detailed programme may be had on application to Miss Rainbow, the Box Office, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Gustaf Janson, who has been described as the Kipling of Sweden, has achieved a remarkable increase of vogue with his latest book "*Lognera*" (*i.e.*, "*Lies*"), which has been welcomed on the Continent not only by literary critics, but also by the leaders of the movement for international arbitration. It deals with the Turco-Italian War in Tripoli, and consists of seven stories, independent but closely related by their incidents and characters, by means of which Herr Janson shows the essential inhumanity of war as it appears to the officer, the conscript, and the Arab peasant. Under the title "*Pride of War*" an English translation will be published immediately by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

A musical gathering of great interest to musicians is being organised jointly by the Musical League and the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and will be held in Birmingham during the conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians from December 30, 1912, to January 4, 1913. It is intended to give three concerts, one of orchestral works, one of choral works, and one or two of chamber music, and in the choice of works preference will be given to those of British composers which have not hitherto been performed. Members of both societies are invited to send in works to the Secretary of the Joint Committee, c/o the Incorporated Society of Musicians, 19, Berners Street, London, W., from whom all particulars can be obtained.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE DAWN OF THE MEIJI ERA—SOME REFLECTIONS.

AT a time when the glorious features of the reign that has just been brought to so sad a close are receiving the treatment they merit in the columns of the Press, it may perhaps be of interest to recall some of the incidents that marked the early days of the restoration of the monarchy; for, from such a retrospect, the achievements of Japan during the brief period of her national transition can only appear the more remarkable. One of the first instances which went to show that the leaders of the new movement were in earnest in their desire to establish an era of genuine reform was the presentation, in 1868, of a memorial to the Government, signed by the ex-Princes of Echizen and Tosa and the Princes of Satsuma, Choshu, Geishiu, and Higo. In this quaintly worded document it was admitted that a mistake had been made in the past in closing the country to foreign intercourse, and in the following terms a new policy was advocated:—

Let the foolish argument which has hitherto styled foreigners dogs and goats and barbarians, be abandoned. Let the Court ceremonies hitherto initiated from the Chinese be reformed, and the foreigners' representatives be invited to Court in the manner prescribed by the rules current among all nations, and

let this be publicly notified throughout the country, so that the countless people may be taught what is the light in which they are to regard this subject.

In the same year an invitation was extended to the Diplomatic Corps to proceed to the Court at Kyoto. This was regarded as one of the most momentous events in the early days of the Restoration, for it was the first occasion on which foreigners had been permitted to approach the sacred presence of the Emperor. Unfortunately the visit was marred by the committal of an outrage which, in point of audacity, had never been equalled in the long series of savage attacks upon foreigners that had taken place since the opening of the country. The British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, left his residence at the appointed hour on March 23, 1868. His escort consisted of eleven ex-constables of the London Police, under Inspector Peacock (who, until his recent death, remained a well-known figure at the British Embassy at Tokyo), and forty-eight men of the 9th Foot. As the escort turned the corner, two Japanese suddenly attacked them, and, slashing right and left with their long swords, succeeded in wounding nine out of the eleven police, one soldier, a Japanese groom, and five horses. A Japanese official of the Foreign Department, named Goto Shojiro, and an officer named Nakai Kozo, attacked one of the assailants, and after a severe fight, in the course of which the officer was wounded, cut him down and beheaded him. The other assailant was wounded by the escort and taken prisoner. The Court nobles subsequently presented apologies to the British Minister, and the surviving assassin had the unenviable distinction of being the first Samurai to be degraded previous to being executed as a common criminal. He was deprived of his sword, his name was erased from the list of warriors, and his head was exposed for three days. Three men who were implicated in the outrage were banished for life. The British Government, in recognition of the gallant defence made by the Japanese officers accompanying the procession, presented each of them with a sword of honour. Five days after the outrage upon Sir Harry Parkes the Emperor issued a decree, in the course of which the following striking passage occurred:—

All persons in future guilty of murdering foreigners, or of committing any acts of violence towards them, will be not only acting in opposition to his Majesty's express orders, and be the cause of national misfortune, but will also be committing the heinous offence of causing the national dignity and good faith to suffer in the eyes of the Treaty Powers with whom his Majesty has declared himself bound by relations of amity. Such offenders shall be punished in proportion to the gravity of the offence, their names, if they be Samurai, being erased from the roll.

Apart, however, from the feeling of antagonism displayed towards foreigners—a feeling which, as has been shown, was not shared by the central administration—the country was not without its domestic tribulations. On the night of October 4, 1868, the citizens of the

capital were alarmed by the news that the fleet of the ex-Shogun, which had been lying at anchor in the bay, had suddenly set sail. The fleet consisted of eight warships and steam transports, including the yacht presented by Queen Victoria to the Shogun, and a large paddle-steamer, with a total personnel of 3,000 men. The commander of this strange expedition was Enomoto Kamajiro, a naval captain who had studied navigation in Holland for five years. Several French officers, acting entirely on their own responsibility, joined the adventure. After recruiting men on the coast of Sendai, the fleet proceeded to Yezo (Hokkaido), where an army was landed. The Government officials at Hakodate fled precipitately, and the town was left unprotected. Enomoto was explicit in proclaiming that he intended no disloyalty towards the Throne, but that he merely wished to colonise Hokkaido. He proceeded to draw up a scheme for the establishment of a truly Gilbertian Republic. He was to become Governor-General, and was to be the supreme authority acting on behalf of the Emperor in the new colony.

Not until four months after Enomoto and his gallants had landed in Hokkaido was the Imperial Government able to organise a punitive expedition. Meanwhile the Republic had not proved a conspicuous success. The problem of food supplies presented great difficulties, and the task of maintaining law and order among so motley a band did not improve as conditions became worse. When the Imperial forces arrived, the rebels had little heart for fighting, and in a series of miniature engagements were defeated both on land and sea. They were treated with exceptional consideration, and many little courtesies were exchanged between the conquerors and the conquered. It is recorded that, when Enomoto realised that further resistance was futile, he sent the commander of the Imperial army a present of two volumes consisting of "The Complete Digest of the Maritime Laws of Nations," a work which had formed one of his principal studies when in Holland. The French officers surrendered to a warship belonging to their country, and were sent as prisoners to Saigon. The Emperor showed characteristic leniency in his treatment of the rebel leaders, who were merely sentenced to terms of imprisonment and afterwards pardoned. Enomoto lived to become a viscount and a vice-admiral, and on several occasions held Cabinet rank.

MOTORING

THE Royal Automobile Club again desires to draw the attention of motorists in Kent to the advisability of driving with consideration for the rights of other users of the road. It appears that the Club has received a number of complaints recently on the subject, and it warns the offending motorists that the inevitable result of a continuance of their practices will be the imposition of irksome restrictions by the authorities. There is a hint, moreover, of possible prosecu-

tions by the Club itself, as the numbers of the offending cars are taken and transmitted to headquarters.

There were fourteen entrants for the second annual Standard Car Race, but several of these were rejected at the last moment for non-compliance with the regulations drawn up by the R.A.C., and one or two others, including the "Sunbeam," withdrew for one reason or another, so that there were only eight actual starters in the competition. These consisted of three Singers, a Vinot, a Gladiator, a Turcat-Mery, a Crespelle, and an S.C.A.R. One of the rejected entrants was the Star which was the winner of last year's event. On this occasion it was held not to conform to the more stringent conditions, which are that every competitor must be identical, so far as engine and chassis are concerned, with the standard selling models, except in size of petrol tank, rake of steering column, and adjustment of carburetter. It is this stipulation which renders the Standard Car Race of special value to prospective buyers and the most useful competition held under the auspices of the R.A.C. This year the event has again proved a triumph for Great Britain, one of the Singer team, driven by Mr. Haywood, securing first place after a tremendous struggle with the Gladiator, which was beaten by a fraction of a second. The whole distance of 277 miles was covered by the Singer and the Gladiator at an average speed of 57½ miles per hour. It is only right to mention that the Gladiator had considerably the smallest engine of any of the cars which competed in the race, with the single exception of the Vinot, the dimensions of which are the same. Every credit, therefore, must be given to the French car for its wonderfully fine performance.

That the use of simple plate glass for the wind-screens of motor cars is attended with a certain element of danger is indisputable, many serious accidents having happened to the occupants of cars through the breakages of glass by collisions, etc. But although the danger is recognized, and although many attempts have been made by inventors to devise a means of eliminating it, no really satisfactory solution of the problem seems to have been found; or, if it has, it is not known to the generality of motorists.

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Celluloid by itself is not an efficient substitute for glass, as it soon loses its transparency in use, and, moreover, is dangerously inflammable; mica is not sufficiently transparent for the purpose; and the method of strengthening glass by embedding it in fine wire netting in the process of manufacture does not appear likely to become popular. It adds considerably to the cost of the screen, is not by any means a perfect preventive against accident, and moreover, materially diminishes the transparency of the glass. Interest, therefore, attaches to an entirely new invention, called "triplex safety glass," which has recently been introduced, and which, it is claimed, combines the perfect transparency of ordinary plate glass with impossibility of breakage. The method of construction is as follows:—a sheet of specially selected clear celluloid is placed between two sheets of plate-glass, and the three sheets, after a patent treatment, are hydraulically welded together, the result being, it is stated, an unbreakable sheet as clear as the best plate glass. The celluloid, being hermetically sealed and protected from atmospheric conditions, retains its original transparency, and its toughness prevents the adhering glass from flying off in splinters however severe the shock or blow may be. In theory the "safety glass" sounds very plausible, and if it can be proved in practice to possess the qualities claimed for it another of the risks of motoring will have been removed.

Mr. H. Douglas Kerr, formerly advertising manager of the Continental Tyre Company, has just been appointed assistant manager of the tyre sales department of the North British Rubber Company, Limited, the manufacturers of Clincher tyres. For several years Mr. Kerr, who is well-known throughout the motor industry, has been the responsible head of the publicity department of the North British Company's tyre business, and he will, we understand, continue to act in that capacity in addition to fulfilling the duties attaching to his recent appointment.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange, for lack of anything better, has talked Home Rails all the week, and on Saturday, if one had listened to the irresponsible chatter of the Street, you would have bought all Home Rails in the market and gone home satisfied that you would wake up on Monday morning a millionaire. But Saturday markets are always dangerous. Indeed, a careful gambler who is willing to sacrifice his week-end for the sake of making money, may pick up a very reasonable income by always jobbing against a Saturday market. Very few of the leading firms come to town on Saturdays. The House is only half full, and business is not taken seriously. As a result, anyone who wants to mark up a

stock and make it look good, invariably chooses Saturday to effect his purpose. On the other hand, those who wish to buy shares cheap very often bang the market on Saturday. But Monday brings its revenge. Then the conditions of business are normal, and prices adjust themselves accurately to the state of the account. It is always a dangerous thing to follow a Saturday market, and it is usually quite safe to go against it. Therefore, I am suspicious of the enthusiasm displayed by the Stock Exchange in the matter of Home Rails.

The new issues continue to go badly. The Kansas-Oklahoma Oil is a prospectus principally remarkable for the large profit asked for by the promoters. The Anglo-French Mercantile and Finance was not an attractive proposition. The Oilfields of Mexico was an attempt to sell the Furber Oilfields to the British public. Opinion as to the value of these fields is divided, and it is a curious thing that no definite statement of past profits is included in the prospectus. It is a very gambling venture. We have had two important issues during the week. Messrs. Speyer Brothers offering one million 4½ per cent. debentures in the London General Omnibus Company, and one million 5 per cent. cumulative income debenture stock. The first debentures are, of course, an excellent security, but the income debentures are definitely speculative, and are really more in the nature of preference shares. The Omnibus Company is doing a very large business, but if its profits continue to increase, there is very little doubt that a good many people will start competitive omnibuses. Messrs. Speyers have done extremely well out of their omnibus deal, and the way in which they have pulled the Underground Electric out of the mud shows that the firm has not only immense courage and foresight, but also a remarkable capacity for finance.

The Emba Caspian prospectus is now issued. I do not wish to be too critical, because I believe that the land that the company will acquire is some of the best Oil land in Russia, but I think that the price to be paid, namely, one million roubles, is far too high. The Ural Caspian has more land, and its purchase price was only 327,500. The public are asked to subscribe for 1,140,000 shares, but they should understand that if the land is as valuable as is stated, it would be much better to buy Urals, for the Ural Company has been at work for a long time past, possesses a more valuable property, and works out at a cheaper rate per plot. There seems no end to the Canadian real estates companies. The Western Canadian City and Town Lands ask us for £80,000. There is hardly a person in England who has not had a gamble in Canadian land, and up to the present everybody has made money. But in the opinion of good judges who have studied Canada closely, a set-back seems inevitable. Then, only the companies which have moderate capitals and good land will be able to withstand the panic.

MONEY.—If the Government would only release its balances, we might have easy Money for a few weeks. But the American demand will prevent any lengthened period of cheap Money. Crops in the United States are good and will require to be financed. The Canadian crop is also good, and it is said that in Russia and Hungary much better crops than last year will be obtained. All these good crops mean a demand on the Money market. If we got a boom on the Stock Exchange in the autumn we should certainly see the Bank Rate go to 4 per cent.

CONSOLS.—There has been some buying of Consols, but it is declared that the bear account has vanished. It is difficult to know exactly how accounts stand to-day on the Stock Exchange, for most people pawn the stock with banks, and thus appear to be paying cash when they are really carrying over. I think Consols will improve.

FOREIGNERS.—Nothing has been done in the market. Paris continues to support Russians, and the big banks have just made an issue of Russian Railway bonds.

HOME RAILS.—The reports, as they come out, show

that the working expenses of all the railways increased enormously during the past six months. The Great Central is in a bad plight, and few people expected that it would pass all Preference share dividend after 1874. I think, however, that the company has turned the corner. It will take some time before it reaps the benefit of its expenditure on the Immingham Docks, but it has a big future in front of it, and those who want a lock-up investment cannot do better than buy the '89 and '91 Preference. Whether they will get a dividend for the current half-year is, perhaps, doubtful, but each year that the company exists its position will grow stronger. North Eastern have made great savings. This is an admirably managed line, and the stock is cheap. Lancashire and Yorkshire should easily recover their position. The tip on the Stock Exchange is Dover A. The House always gambles in Little Chats and Dover A. I only repeat what I am told. I will not take the responsibility of advising a purchase. The Midland figures were not so bad as they appeared. This railway is well managed, and I think that the Preferred ordinary are a thoroughly sound investment. The Deferred look quite high enough. The Brighton figures are bad, and those who hold Brighton A should get out.

YANKEES.—Mr. Pierpont Morgan has returned to New York, and he is said to be bullish. The tone is undoubtedly good, but I do not think that any important rise will take place before the autumn. Everyone is talking about a famous circular issued by the great Berlin house of Bleichroder, in which the big banker warns his clients not to gamble in Yankees. Copper oscillates in an uncertain fashion. Nevertheless, I feel sure that Anaconda will increase its dividend at the next distribution, and that Amalgamated will follow suit. Copper will remain strong during the whole of the present year, for the refineries have the position in their hands. Trade is good, and the supply unequal to the demand.

RUBBER.—The market in raw rubber has not strengthened as I expected. The contracts for the forthcoming year have been made, but no rise has ensued. This is unusual. Nevertheless, I see no chance of any drop in Rubber. There has been a steady investment demand for the leading shares. I see no advantage to the Selangor River shareholders in purchasing the two new estates. The capital of the company is increased, and dividends will be reduced, all for a prospective advantage. Were I a shareholder, I should attend the meeting, and vote against the increase in capital.

OIL.—The Oil market is fairly steady. The dealers have kept prices firm in view of the big Emba Caspian flotation. Mr. Barnett has now arranged to take the Moreni Oilfields into his combine, and this gives him additional working capital. I hope it will prove sufficient, but he has a big area to work, and he will require large sums. Urals appear to me a much cheaper purchase than Embas. The lawsuit with regard to the Emba Caspienne was settled by the payment of 22,500 shares, £6,000 in cash, and all costs. Everybody is now asking when these shares will come upon the market. The Shell people bid $3\frac{1}{4}$ for them, but the offer was refused. This hardly seems wise.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—There is still talk of a rise in Amalgamated Props. I do not think that anything will be done before the autumn, but there is no doubt that this will be the first share to move. All the Rhodesian reports, as they come out, are very bad. Eldorado appears to be in a bad way, and there is no good news of Shamva. It is safe to keep out of all Kaffirs and Rhodesians until the holidays are over. Paris declares that she will have nothing more to do with the Kaffir market.

TIN.—The Tin market looks reasonably hard. It is said that the Bisichi have patched up their pipeline. All sorts of rumours are coming over with regard to the increased outputs, and there is no doubt that Nigeria will turn out a large amount of Tin within the next two

months. Amalgamation is to be the order of the day. Nigerian Consolidated intend to amalgamate with Ningghi, and it is said that Anglo-Continental will absorb another company. Nassarawa, one of the most disgraceful companies floated during the boom, is in trouble, and people who have been landed with the shares are now determined to get their money back. I am afraid it is a hopeless business.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The news that Lord St. Davids had gone into Egypt should put heart into holders of Egyptian shares. His group is very powerful, and Abdy's Company will be re-organised. The shares look cheap.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DOCK STRIKE—FREEDOM THE CLEAR ISSUE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The community are greatly indebted to Lord Devonport and his colleagues for the clear and consistent stand they are making for freedom of labour in the Port of London. When estimating the representative character of Lord Devonport, the 18,000 men at work in the Port must be taken into account, to say nothing of those who have been coerced into striking.

The men on strike are not asked to surrender unconditionally, and one condition, as quoted in Lord Devonport's letter, published yesterday, is such as should be satisfactory to all who believe in freedom. The condition is that "men engaged undertake to work as directed by their employers, and they engage not to require the production of any union or federation ticket from any other man, however employed in the Port of London, whether afloat or ashore." The members of the unions are left free to remain members. Is it asking too much that it be a condition of their returning to work that they shall not interfere with the freedom of the non-unionists to remain outside the unions?

That freedom is the clear issue is manifest from facts recorded in Sir Edward Clarke's report on the origin of the strike, viz.:—James Thomas, in the employ of the Mercantile Lighterage Company, sixty-one years of age and a freeman of the River Thames, refused to join the Amalgamated Society of Watermen, Lightermen, and Watchmen of the River Thames, in spite of all attempts on the part of the society to induce him to do so. On April 30 last, a member of the society refused to work with Thomas; other members followed in this, and on May 16 all the firm's men were called out because of the continued employment of Thomas. This action not having the desired effect, the society on May 19 called out their men in other firms, and on May 21 the Stevedores and the Dockers' Union and the Carmen's Union passed resolutions supporting the strike.

Thus, what the leaders of the strike call recognition of the unions means annihilation of the non-union workers. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Railway Strike last year made an important pronouncement on this point. The Commissioners were unanimous in reporting that "Men have the right to determine their engagement by giving a lawful notice, but with the exercise of their freedom in this respect they should not, in our opinion, be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour."

The Royal Commission on the Trade Union Outrages in Sheffield, in their report in 1869, were most emphatic in their insistence on freedom for all. This report gave to trade unions their charter, and all trade unionists should take to heart the following paragraphs from this report:—

"With regard to the general question of the right of

workmen to combine together for determining and stipulating with their employer the terms on which only they will consent to work for him, we think that full liberty be left to all other workmen to undertake the work which the parties combining have refused, and no obstruction be placed in the way of the employer resorting elsewhere in the search of a supply of labour; there is no ground of justice or policy for withholding such a right from the workmen. It cannot be doubted that a demand backed by the resolution of a large body of workmen to decline work if the demand be not acceded to comes with more force than that of an isolated workman; and we think that the workmen may reasonably claim to be allowed any advantage which they can derive from such concerted action, in bargaining with their employer from time to time as to the terms on which they will dispose of their labour. . . .

"But upon the same principle and for a precisely similar reason we think that, whilst conceding to such workmen a desire to exercise it an extended right to combine against their employers, especial care should be taken that an equal right be secured to those workmen who desire to keep aloof from the combination, to dispose of their labour with perfect freedom as they severally think fit. The power of working, and consequently the value of a man's labour, varies in different individuals according to their strength, their skill, and their industry. The workmen who think it for their advantage to combine together in the disposal of their labour are no more justified in constraining any other workman, who does not desire such association, to combine with them—to bring his labour into common stock, as it were, with theirs—than an association of capitalists in constraining an individual capitalist to bring his capital into common stock with theirs; and it is the more important that the law should protect the non-unionist workman in his right freely to dispose of his labour as he thinks fit, because, standing alone, he is the less able to protect himself."

If there were only 18 non-union workers employed in the Port of London to-day, instead of more than 18,000, their freedom should be maintained.

"In our halls is hung

Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

I am, etc.,

MARK H. JUDGE,

Chairman of Committee.

Societies of Free Workers, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.

July, 1912.

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read Mr. T. G. Martin's letter in your issue of the 13th inst., and Mr. Immo Allen's and Mr. Turner's comments thereon, with sincere admiration for the patience with which these two gentlemen have replied to his long-winded and somewhat atrabilious dissertation. I had read Mr. Martin's letter with something of the amused interest with which I watched and listened to the impudent drollery of the Münchner Kasperl at the open-air theatre in the Bavarian capital last year. For the quality that extorts both one's merriment and—despite moral qualms—one's admiration in the German Punchinello is the rascal's reckless audacity and the impartial iniquity with which he distributes his blows, and plays his scurvy tricks on friend and foe alike. In one respect, too, he shares the distinction of another noted dramatic author; there is no moral in his tale, unless it be "tous-jours l'audace."

I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Martin must some time or other have loitered too long at the Marionetten Theatre in Munich, with the result that a whilom blameless character has suffered serious moral deterioration,

while a saturnine humour has developed Mephistophelian qualities, albeit its lambent flames play about their subject harmlessly enough. For what is the upshot of the two columns which your correspondent has induced you, in a moment of surely thoughtless generosity, to grant him? A nasty blow for Mr. Allen, a would-be ally; a back-hander for "T. McL."—as far as three initials are vulnerable; a swipe for Lord Courtney of Penwith, and a wild lunge at poor Mr. Turner. But these exercises are merely hors-d'œuvres. Having got his hand in, our hero swings his flail round and round and runs amok among the nation at large, till one sees whole swathes laid low, pacifists and jingoes, Norman Angells and English devils alike.

Surely, after all this pother we might expect to be treated to some inkling of the true and only gospel according to Mr. T. G. Martin. If everybody else is wrong we might at least hope for guidance by Sir Oracle after making our submission with becoming humility. But beyond dark hints—"I might, an I would, a tale unfold"—and a vague suggestion that war is not inevitable and might be averted by concessions which we could "afford to make," there is no light or leading for anxious inquirers. To add to the confusion we are told that "we are not likely to get on to the right track until we realise . . . (2) that in order to avoid war it is necessary not only to get on to the right track and stick to it ourselves, but to see that other people who have it in their power to drag us into war follow our example"! As I am not one of those who hold peace or war in the hollow of their hand, I am only concerned to "get on to the right track" in order to avoid war; and I am all the more anxious for guidance as I am assured that a realisation of the necessity of getting on to the right track is the only way to get on to it.

It is all breathlessly bewildering. But in order to clear the ground I will conclude by asking Mr. Martin to answer a plain question. What are the concessions on our part which fulfil the dual condition, suggested by him, of having the power to avert war and at the same time being such as we can "afford to make" while "safeguarding our own interests"? I am Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE F. SHEE.

Streatham Hill, S.W.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a nation we certainly are not such sentimental lovers of poetry as they were in the Elizabethan age, "when even the pastrycooks were expert mythologists, and when at dinner select transformations of Ovid's metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionery, and the splendid icing of an immense historic plumcake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy." But although we do not nowadays make use of poetical extracts as they did in the time of Elizabeth, and although the present generation is dead to the harmony and thrilling vibrations of our best and noblest poems, there are, notwithstanding, more readers of poetry in this age than ever was known before. The reason why the better kind of poetry is not appreciated as it deserves to be, or why so many individuals who give themselves to the reading thereof do not feel the thrills of delight which vibrate through the soul of a true lover of poetry, is, I believe, chiefly due to the neglect of our present system of education in cultivating the feelings and emotions—in leaving them so entirely to the sway of the carnal propensities that the heart and the affections become defiled and corrupted at the root. The feelings and emotions of the present age are not dead. Of a truth, they are stronger than ever. But they have become so perverted and misdirected through too great a love of self, and so debased through love of worldly things, that good and noble thoughts have lost their

power to thrill and draw man's soul into higher and happier states. It is said that during the Civil War and the Protectorate poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. And maybe another reason why good poetry does not appeal in these times more directly and extensively to the higher feelings and emotions in man is on account of the strife and contentions existing among all classes and conditions of mankind. Nevertheless, as all good poetry has something divine in it, it can never die. It may be neglected, but it is continually sowing the good seed; and the progress and happiness of all nations is, and has always been, greatly dependent upon the influence and the power the writings of the Muses exert over the feelings and emotions of mankind.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

"Lynton," Brockley Rise, S.E.

QUESTIONABLE POLICY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In his article "Playing with Fire," Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett states that there are only two ways of facing the situation which he is discussing, namely:—

- (1) To let Germany know that our patience is exhausted, and that we would just as soon fight now as later; or
- (2) To build an unassailably predominant fleet by means of a Naval Loan.

I venture to suggest, however, that there is another and a wiser course open to us, namely:—

- (3) To recognise Germany's absolute right to territorial expansion, and to assure her of our full sympathy and co-operation in her efforts to obtain a temperate colony into which her population may overflow.

I have always maintained, and I shall continue to maintain, that the attitude of ourselves and of the United States to Germany is selfish and ungenerous in the extreme. We British are obviously terror-struck at Germany's growing strength and are resolved to go to any lengths (short of actual fighting) to keep her within her present boundaries; and the United States have a similar feeling with regard to Japan. Let us, therefore, join together to keep the Teuton and the New Oriental in their respective places, while we, the Anglo-Saxon race, the crown of age-long civilisation, control the destinies of the world!

This is the broadly ethical view of the situation; but if we look at the matter from a merely practical standpoint, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's "two ways" suggest two corresponding doubts:—

- (1) If we were to fight now, would we necessarily be successful against Germany?
- (2) If we build a predominant fleet at vast expense, is it not possible that some development in aerial navigation will render all these costly ships quite ineffective as a protection to our shores?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
London Institution.

IMMO S. ALLEN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A Dictionary of Quotations.* (Encyclopædic Library.) By Colonel P. H. Dalbiac. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
- The Good-Natured Man. She Stoops to Conquer.* By Oliver Goldsmith. (Blackie and Son. 6d. each.)
- The Doctor and His Work, with a Hint of His Destiny and Ideals.* By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The National Insurance Act Explained.* By O. H. Cooke, M.A. With a Preface by J. H. Whitehouse, M.P.

Third Edition, Revised. (Murray and Evenden. 3d. net.)

- A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations, with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders.* By Arthur K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.B. (P. S. King and Son. 6s.)
- The Negro at Work in New York City: A Study in Economic Progress.* By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 5s.)
- The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy: A Study in Mutual Aid.* By Yu-Yue Tsu, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 4s.)
- Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada.* By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 6s.)
- The Shifting of Literary Values.* By Albert Mordell. ("The International," Philadelphia.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- British Radicalism, 1791-1797.* By Walter Phelps Hall. (P. S. King and Son. 8s.)
- Dans l'Atlantique: Sainte-Hélène aux XVII^e et XVIII^e Siècles, etc.* By Henri Dehérain. With Maps. (Hachette and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)
- Luke Shepherd: Ein Satirendichter der Englischen Reformationszeit.* By Dr. Friedrich Germann. (Theodor Lampart, Augsburg. 2 marks 50.)
- The Romance of Sandro Botticelli, Woven from His Paintings.* By A. J. Anderson. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Adelaide Anne Procter: Ihr Leben und Ihre Werke.* By Ferdinand Janku. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 2 marks.)
- Arthur Hugh Clough.* By Paula Lutonsky. (Wilhelm Braumüller. 2 marks.)
- L'Histoire des Arabes.* By C. Huart. Tome I. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. The 2 vols, 20 fr.)

FICTION.

- The Web of the Golden Spider.* By F. O. Bartlett. Illustrated by Edmund Blomfield and Charles M. Relyea. (Frank Palmer. 6s.)
- The Storm Dog: A Romance of Cornwall.* By Lilian Arnold. (John Long. 6s.)
- Basil Verely: A Study in Charterhouse Life.* By Archibald K. Ingram. Illustrated by F. E. Hiley and H. L. Bacon. (G. Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Mightier than the Sword.* By Alphonse Courlander. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
- Marooned in the South Seas: A Tale of Adventure for Boys and Others.* By F. L. Langdale. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Confession of a Fool.* By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. (Stephen Swift and Co.)
- The Reformer's Wife.* By A. Jeans. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)
- Dr. Brown's Partner.* By Ianthe Cavendish. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)
- Pan's Garden: A Volume of Nature Stories.* By Algeron Blackwood. Illustrated by W. Graham Robertson. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)
- From the Angle of Seventeen.* By Eden Phillpotts. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Paul Burdon.* By Sir Wm. Magnay, Bt. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- A Member of Tatts.* By Nat Gould. (John Long. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Economic Review; Cornhill Magazine; Everyone's Story Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; Windsor Magazine; Bookseller; London University Gazette; Fortnightly Review; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Idler; The Triad, Dunedin; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Antiquary.*

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